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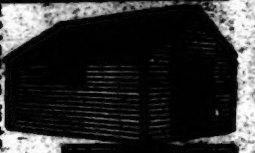

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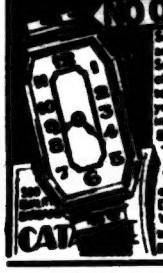

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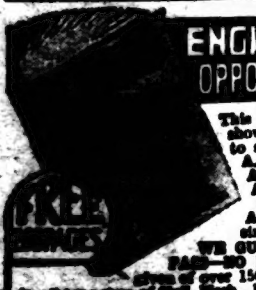

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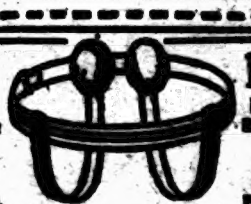

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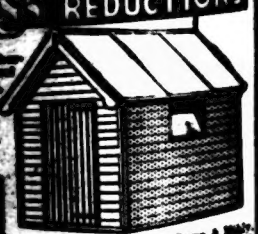

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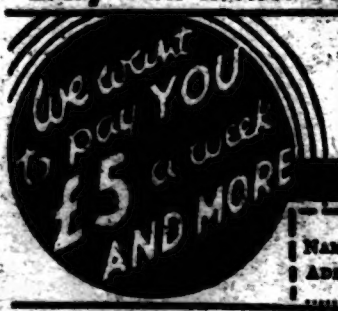

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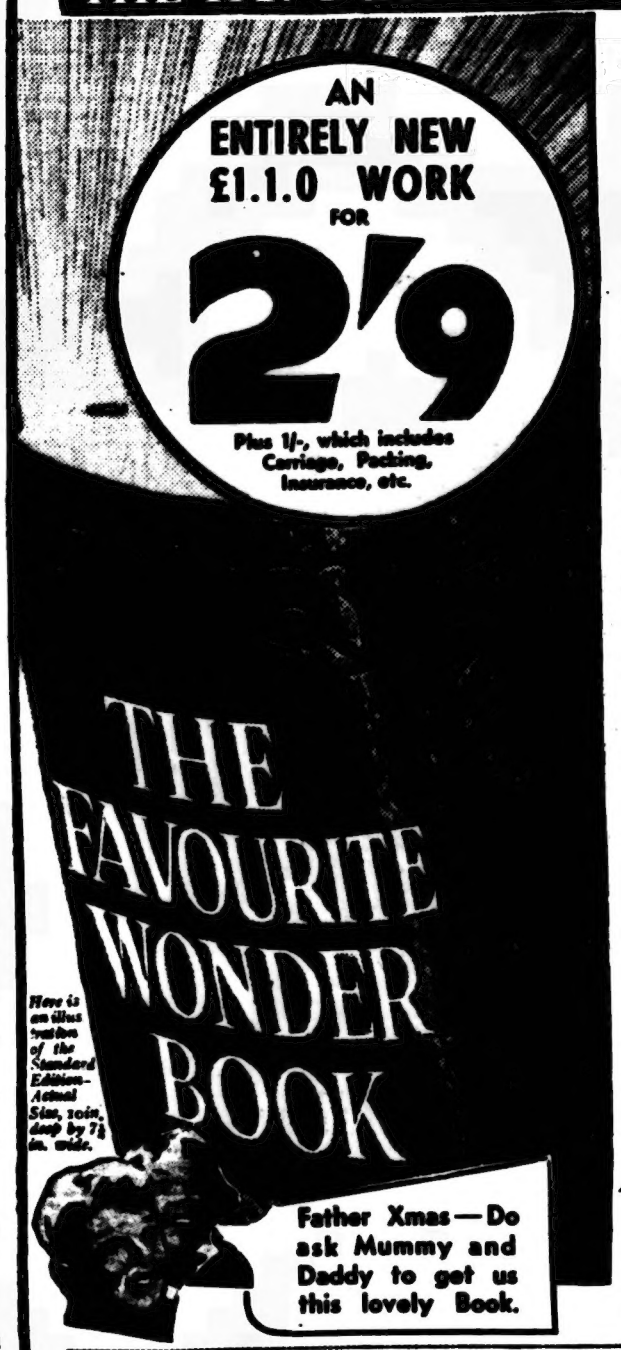

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INNERCLEAN will have cleaned and sweetened your entire system. You will feel and look altogether healthier and happier. By maintaining inner-cleanliness, you will keep your figure slim and supple.

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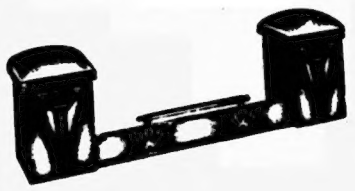

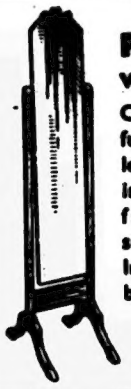

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As a Bookcase, as a China Cabinet, or as both combined, this is a very useful and delightful piece. Finished dark oak, it measures 2 ft. 3 in. wide and 3 ft. 2 in. high.

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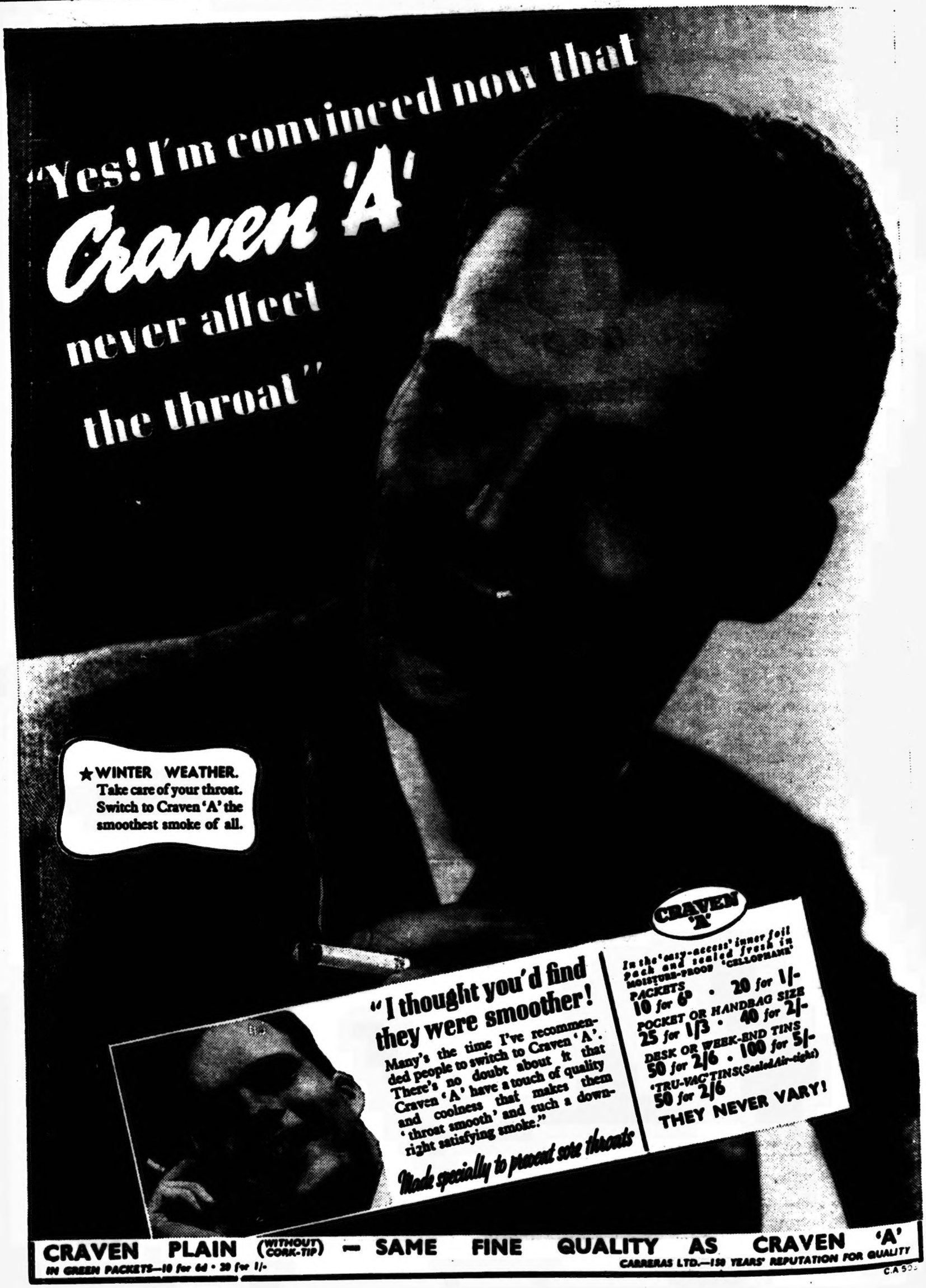
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STRAIGHT FROM TH

OUR HINT TO

HOUSING REF

MISSED CHAN

SURELY Sir Kingsley Wood
about the scandalous lac
water which obtains in c
rural districts all over
country.

In the village of Turnditch, in D
shire, the wells are dried up and
siderable distress prevails. The
vicar has complained to the Belper
trict Council that there have been
when he has not had so much
cupful of water in his exte
vicarage.

EVADING THE ISSUE

Lady Astor has asked the Minist
Health if grants will be made on
condition that running water is ins
in all houses. Much-photographe
Kingsley replied it was a matte
would have to *consider*.

So the bad old system of putrid
and insanitary water supplies ma
perpetuated in certain districts,
seems to offer a premium on uncle
ness.

BUILD MORE HOUSES

Housing schemes are being hel
nearly everywhere on account of
in building costs and reluctance o
Health Ministry to increase amo
of subsidies.

One scheme for 200 houses will
to meet an increase in charge
£28,000 over the original contract
is to be carried out. It will neces
an extra 3s. a week on the rent
increase which will make them too
for workers to live in.

Unless subsidies are increased,
schemes will have to be scrapped.
must not be scrapped.

FARM HANDS' WOES

We have come across an appa
case of bad housing for farm labo
on the Strathfieldsaye estate in H
shire.

There is a group of four houses w
are totally unfit for human habita
Buckets have to be used for all
of refuse, which subsequently mus
buried in the back gardens. The s
so rank as to make vegetables grow
it too coarse to eat.

IN THE DUKE'S EAR

An old well that has not been cle
for 30 years serves these shambles.
roofs of the cottages leak and the
are damp. A track, impassable
vehicles in wet weather, is the sole
of the inhabitants with the ou
world.

The estate is owned by the Duk
Wellington. We are sure that
he is made aware of this dreadful
of affairs he will see immediate ac
is taken.

A NAVAL DIEHARD

Our admirals speak again. Says
Harry Bruce, "A training ship exis
produce A.B.s and not B.A.s."

We forgive the flag officer's pla
jest. But if he really means tha
training ship is there just to pro
brawny seamen without one though

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

OUR HINT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

HOUSING REFORM NEEDS BIGGER SUBSIDY

MISSED CHANCE FOR BRITISH FILMS

SURELY Sir Kingsley Wood knows about the scandalous lack of water which obtains in certain rural districts all over the country.

In the village of Turnditch, in Derbyshire, the wells are dried up and considerable distress prevails. The local vicar has complained to the Belper District Council that there have been times when he has not had so much as a cupful of water in his extensive vicarage.

EVADING THE ISSUE

Lady Astor has asked the Minister of Health if grants will be made only on condition that running water is installed in all houses. Much-photographed Sir Kingsley replied it was a matter he would have to *consider*.

So the bad old system of putrid wells and insanitary water supplies may be perpetuated in certain districts. It seems to offer a premium on uncleanliness.

BUILD MORE HOUSES

Housing schemes are being held up nearly everywhere on account of rise in building costs and reluctance of the Health Ministry to increase amounts of subsidies.

One scheme for 200 houses will have to meet an increase in charges of £28,000 over the original contract if it is to be carried out. It will necessitate an extra 3s. a week on the rent, an increase which will make them too dear for workers to live in.

Unless subsidies are increased, many schemes will have to be scrapped. *They must not be scrapped.*

FARM HANDS' WOES

We have come across an appalling case of bad housing for farm labourers on the Strathfieldsaye estate in Berkshire.

There is a group of four houses which are totally unfit for human habitation. Buckets have to be used for all kinds of refuse, which subsequently must be buried in the back gardens. The soil is so rank as to make vegetables grown on it too coarse to eat.

IN THE DUKE'S EAR

An old well that has not been cleared for 30 years serves these shambles. The roofs of the cottages leak and the walls are damp. A track, impassable for vehicles in wet weather, is the sole link of the inhabitants with the outside world.

The estate is owned by the Duke of Wellington. We are sure that when he is made aware of this dreadful state of affairs he will see immediate action is taken.

A NAVAL DIEHARD

Our admirals speak again. Says Sir Harry Bruce, "A training ship exists to produce A.B.s and not B.A.s."

We forgive the flag officer's playful jest. But if he really means that a training ship is there just to produce brawny seamen without one thought for the development of a boy's mind, then he is living in the remote past.

In our modern Navy something more than muscle is required.

ASKING FOR DEATH

Dangerous driving is a grave public menace, but there are still far too many benches of magistrates who incline to lenience when it comes to motoring offences.

A motor-car carelessly handled is a deadly weapon. If a man is convicted for abusing his privilege as a driver his licence ought to be suspended automatically. This endorsement business has become a farce.

That is why we agree with Mr. C. R. Fox, the Chief Constable of Oxford. He knows a district where the average fine for dangerous driving is a matter of ten shillings.

DUD COINS FOR GOOD

Counterfeit half-crowns are being sold in East London for 10d. apiece.

They are the product of a gang of counterfeiters, consisting chiefly of aliens, who have been preparing dud coinage for months past. Some of it is now getting into circulation.

John Bull is able to reassure its readers that Scotland Yard is already well on the heels of the counterfeiters' gang, and that dramatic developments may be expected in the near future.

WANTED WARDERS

Prison reform is in the air. The public has been shocked by the recent revelations of brutality of two warders in Wandsworth jail.

But Sir Samuel Hoare must know that one of the causes of the present unsatisfactory position is the shortage of permanent staff in many prisons.

If he does not know it, we will tell him that at least 1,000 more warders are urgently needed. Existing staffs are grossly overworked, with resultant loss of temper that often gives rise to ugly incidents.

The life of a warder was never a picnic.

Your Watchdog Barks!

Shopkeepers, beware of the well - meaning stranger who wishes to call attention to loose grating or banana skin outside your premises. It may be a trick to distract attention while confederates rifle the till.

* * *

Joseph Croke Vaughan, Liverpool medical student, is preparing appeal to the Home Secretary for free pardon for offence he never committed. Why should appeal be necessary?

* * *

"Whenever I go over a blind bridge at speed . . ." says Transport Minister Burgin. Some people who do it find themselves in court—or hospital.

* * *

Dr. Perowne, Bishop of Worcester, bans all marriages of divorced persons in his diocese. Is it Christian to make innocent suffer with the guilty?

MUSHROOM MYTHS

Time is more than ripe for the Board of Trade to look into the matter of speculative investment in mushroom farms.

Thousands of circulars are passing through the post inviting the public to purchase units in mushroom enterprises and some of them, indeed, grow with the speed of mushrooms overnight.

Fantastic dividends are promised investors, and altogether the tone of much of the literature makes us feel dubious about the honesty of the promoters. It is a plain duty of the Board to make enquiries.

LAW NOT LAGGING

Three million cases will have been taken by the county courts of the country by the time the present term comes to an end. It is a formidable amount of litigation. County court judges certainly earn their salaries.

In order to save time and expense of litigants who come before them, several of them are speeding up procedure. Slipshod methods of lawyers in preparing and presenting cases are being severely rebuked. And not before such a rebuke was due.

BRITISH FILM WOES

Trading in drama, the British film industry is now confronted with a drama of its own. It is slowly being allowed to die.

The stimulant prescribed by the President of the Board of Trade is a Bill which blahs about spreading British ideals abroad. But it offers nothing to keep foreigners out of the industry's key positions, and won't sanction an independent committee with powers to deal with pressing problems as they arise.

A Bill, in short, which promises nothing but starvation for our tens of thousands of film workers—and which has got to be amended drastically.

WHEN JOYS CLASH

A seventeen-year-old youth of Roughley, Sutton Coldfield, contracted a heavy cold and visited the doctor at 7.15 p.m. He was given a prescription, but when he reached the chemist found the shop closing down for the night.

His mother had to walk three miles the next day to get the medicine, and when she asked why it could not have been supplied the previous evening, received the disconcerting reply:—

"Well, you see, we have such a number of people at that hour, and if we want to go to the pictures it is rather awkward."

Awkward is right.

GENEROSITY

Bexley Borough Council has advertised for an office boy of matriculation standard. Wages ten whole shillings a week.

We tremble to think what it would offer a boy who had not reached matriculation standard.

INGRATITUDE

Something for your attention, Mr. Hore-Belisha, for we all know how anxious you are to obtain recruits for the Army.

A Retford woman purchased a cake for 2s. 3d. for her adopted son now garrisoned in India. The postage was 2s.

When the delicacy arrived the duty was 15s. The soldier has written his foster-mother to say he can buy confectionery cheaper locally.

EXPLOITING THE POOR

Numerous complaints have reached us concerning a particularly mean advantage which tradesmen in big cities are taking of impecunious customers.

Commodities most in demand, such as meat, bacon, butter and cheaper lines of fruit, are marked with the price per pound containing an odd halfpenny. In many cases poor people cannot afford more than half a pound of the article in question, and they often find the vendor will not be bothered with farthings.

The extra farthing has to come from the pocket of the poor person who can ill afford it. We warn shopkeepers that by law they may not refuse farthings for small amounts.

HUMANE CHAIRMAN

Mr. B. L. Henriques, chairman of the Stepney Juvenile Court, has his own ideas about the dangers of sweated labour, and does not hesitate to carry them out.

Recently he placed on probation a boy of 14½ who stole a few watches from a master who was working him eleven hours a day, with eight hours' overtime thrown in, for sixteen shillings a week.

For Mr. Henriques knows that sweated labour is a direct encouragement to crime, and that heavy punishment in such a case would not meet the case. He is trying to get the boy a decent job.

CHARITY'S HALL-MARK

It is hard enough to be poor, and worse to look poor, but it's heartbreaking to have one's poverty advertised to the world.

Necessitous children in Paisley are granted footwear free by the local education authority. On the side of each shoe two very pronounced holes are punched — a guard against unscrupulous parents pawning them.

Is it not possible to devise some mark *inside* the shoes which would serve the same purpose, and possibly shield sensitive children from the cruel jibes of more fortunate schoolmates?

Voice of the People . .

This is your page. We invite you to add your contribution; to "let yourself go" about any topic that may puzzle, hurt, dismay or please. Half a guinea is paid for each letter published. Mark envelope "Voice of the People," and address to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

But there are many other pages where your co-operation is welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

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Watch Your M.P.

After fifty-two years of married life, in which she did all the saving, my grandmother, seventy-five years old, has just been widowed by a man who, bequeathing everything to "a lady friend," has left her almost in poverty.—MRS. E. SLADE, 9, Granville Road, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A new Bill supported by M.P.s of all Parties aims at giving Courts power to grant "reasonable provision for spouse and child" in such cruel cases. Will our readers please remember above example, see their own M.P.s do their duty?

Is the Ballot Secret?

I am a poll clerk. When people tell me of the secrecy of the ballot, I just laugh.

I happen to know that the number on your voting paper corresponds to the number on the counterfoil. In the corner is pencilled your number in the register.

Result: The authorities have a full record of how everybody votes, despite talk of the sacredness of this British institution.—Registered Reader B4242, London, S.W.

It is necessary that votes should be identifiable. But counterfoils and voting papers are never compared—and therefore finding out how a person voted is never possible—unless there is a scrutiny by the Court. Then the judge alone makes the comparison.

Beards Can Bias

No boot brushes, no polish, no clothes brushes; razor blades like saws—can you wonder so many prisoners in prison awaiting trial look unkempt when they appear before judge and jury?

And if you knew the longing to look prepossessing in that hour of crisis!—J. S., Kilburn, N.W.

Two London probation officers agreed that this is all too often true. Both agreed that it was wicked seeing that personal appearance, although having no effect on judges and stipendiaries, often influences juries.

Lesson for M.P.s

My husband is a farm labourer—has worked for the same farmer twenty-three years. We have been married thirteen years, good times and ill.

Two months ago he got 1s. 6d. rise on his 32s. a week, which he had always turned up to me. "Bless you, that shall be your pocket-money," I said.

Now the children are wondering why mother is looking poorly. I am worried because the cost of living has gone up by what some politicians call "a negligible amount." That negligible amount, in our case, is—1s. 6d.—Mrs. F. P., Tamworth, Staffs.

Some M.P.s are actually trying to prove that the cost of living is not going up at all. Such Members can prove anything!

Voice of Doom

This is to inform the woman preacher who held a service in my ward, and told the suffering women there that their operations were part of the punishment they had to bear for their sins, that the nurse was left to deal with higher temperatures as well as tempers.—MRS. K. FISHER, 41, Hawthorn Avenue, Reinham, Essex.

Many hospitals entrust services to ministers they know, men who know curative effects of cheerfulness.

Leaving it to G.P.O.

Remember the Irishman who wrote: "If you don't get this letter, write and let me know."

Well, the Ministry of Health has sent me the following printed letter: "If you have left the address to which this is sent, please inform me at once of your present address."—A. RACE, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Cheery reply from Ministry when we enquired by 'phone: "Well, it found one man, didn't it?"

We're Not So Simple

I am a young woman of twenty-four, so I can't be expected to see the wisdom behind showing German air officers all there is to see at our R.A.F. aerodromes and factories.—MISS K. PIKE, 84, Goldsmith Drive, Herringthorpe, Rotherham.

When these German visitors said enthusiastically they had been shown everything, they meant everything not on Air Ministry's secret list. They didn't expect to see the other things.

This 'Phone Age

I could sense the excitement when I rang up a local engraver's shop—a busy one in an important street. Then they told me.

It was the second time their telephone bell had rung in fifteen years.—R. BOWLES, "Tir Sauv," Bonymaen, Swansea, Glam.

One of our oldest private banks has never been on the telephone at all.

House-Purchase Snag

My friend bought a house—"all road charges paid."

But the builders went bankrupt before they had made up the roads, and my friend has got to pay the road charges—a ruinous amount.—Mrs. LUMLEY-TON, 90, Londonderry Road, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham.

People buying corner houses should be particularly careful. "All road charges" may mean the road in front. Years later, when the builder is no longer in business, it is decided to make up the side-road. The longer his garden, the more the man in the corner house has to pay.

Rent Riddle

The rent for a piece of ground on which my neighbour and I decided to build two houses for our own occupation was 10s. a year.

Now the houses are built—and we each have to pay £4 10s. a year ground rent. How is it explained?—JEAN HALL, 146, Hinde House Lane, Sheffield.

By the fact that you, having improved the ground, must pay for the improvement, which is one of the scandals of our laws.

Amazon

Russia, Turkey and many other nations are fitting their women to be able to fight. Meanwhile, we can't get soldiers.

Come on, Mr. Hore-Belisha, give us Women's Battalions. Here's one who will do her bit.—Miss T. D., King Richard's Road, Leicester.

Races that have counted on the fighting prowess of women have always gone under. It pays better to teach men they are fighting for their womenfolk.

One-Dog Man

You should see the "dog lovers" in these parts. When they take their pets out for exercise they carry whips or sticks with which to belabour any *other* dog that gives canine greeting to their own.

So-called love of animals becomes more and more a matter of clinging to one sickly pet and hating other people's.—G. H. P., Crompton Road, Birmingham.

R.S.P.C.A. know these "dog lovers" well.

Law Without Majesty

Being asked the way to the workhouse by a needy-looking man, I gave him a shilling.

Judge of my surprise, as a local preacher and life-long teetotaler, when he turned into the first "pub," into which I followed in a useless effort to get my money back. What were my legal rights?—JOHN SMITH, 28, Margaret Avenue, Milnrow Road, Rochdale.

You gave shilling without stipulation. Anyhow, it wasn't a moment to quote law, was it?

Sailor-de-Luxe

JOHN BULL readers need no telling about the bogus sailors who call in uniform and offer carpets for sale, pretending they've been smuggled.

But they might be interested to know that when I rattled with my questions one such sailor who was "working" Battle the other day he called his car, told me tersely I got on a man's nerves, *sat behind his chauffeur*—and escaped.—MRS. E. POUT, "Thurstons," Caldbec Hill, Battle, Sussex.

At bigger houses these crooks call in "civvies," pretend they are officers on leave from India. Hence car and chauffeur. Our dossier on one shows he once pretended to be millionaire realising all available capital for monster financial plunge—a story reserved for mansions.

His Wage-packet

I am not belonging to this country and am married to an Englishman whose wages I do not know, nor overtime.

Tell me, please: do some Englishmen give up their wage-packets and even their overtime? Until lately I have been thinking this just music-hall fun.—MRS. R., Newton Heath, Manchester.

We hope we don't cause domestic trouble with this social worker's comment: "In the Midlands and Yorkshire, a high percentage of husbands take wage-packets home intact. Some publicans encourage them, offering first drink on 'tick,' saying, 'Come back when you've seen the missus right.'"

In the Lurch

With more and more English brides being left stranded at the church, the worst of all humiliations, the time has come to adopt the Dutch system of the bride driving to the ceremony with her groom.—ROBERT LOCK, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Comment of a Dutchman on this? "Brides in my country get stranded just the same."

Reader Berry discovers a Dangerous Legal Loophole:

Recently I went to extend a fire-escape—a steel staircase on which lives would depend in a terrible emergency. It was rusted through and had to be pulled down. I tremble to think what would have happened if there had been a fire. Do the authorities realise that these escapes are the only road to safety for multitudes of people? They don't seem to.—P. BERRY, 172, Underhill Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

Officialdom says candidly Mr. Berry has tumbled across grave fault in the law. Building Act gives local authorities power to order building of these emergency escapes. But once built, they have no power of inspection and cannot take any action unless a citizen complains. District Surveyors watch these staircases rotting, but can step in only where there is danger of a portion dropping on somebody. Home Office has powers only where factory is concerned, and then only where 40 or more are employed.

This Annoys Motorists

How comical for the law to insist on circular licence holders for cars, the Revenue authorities to provide square licences to go in them, and for me to have to take the family scissors to Streatham Post Office to make the necessary adjustments.—G. G. KYNVIN, 208, Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

If the waste of paper is unimportant—and the shortage is growing worse—what about the waste of motorists' time?

Wet and Dry

My sister has just married a Lincolnshire man. He has been helping to save the Fens against floods.

And their first job on moving into their new *Fenland* cottage was to buy a bucket of water, rain-water tubs—which, incidentally, had dried up—being their only source of supply.—F. FRENCH, 23, Defoe Road, Tooting, S.W.

Soon, we dare say, he'll be flooded out. We've been telling the authorities for years that proper conservation solves twin problems of flood and drought.

And Now You!

Write to John Bull About It—

WHAT MA... ME

It will get you v... Cronin's recent ... Harley Street intrig... public and scared ... But those ramps ... compared with t... described here.

NOTHING makes ... more certain to ... perature as a ... things than our ... nursing profession.

That neglect is a s... this nation of kindly b... one of the blackest blot... which prides itself on h... the world of our time.

I have said, in the cours... some hard things about t... and said them with a heat... much controversy. I beli... said has done a little good... this question of our nurs... dispassionate spirit. I can... of them.

Yet I hope that by sa... things I may be doing some... who emphatically need it. ... say that they are more th... martyrs. And the public, ... their selflessness, must not ... is recognised.

Since the publication ... Citadel," where I touched, ... the injustice of the nurse... many pathetic letters from ... for having even sketchily ...

Now, here in JOHN BULL, ... it in reality. I am going ... it all the force at my comm... so with feelings of the utm... and compassion.

★ ★

Let us agree at once t... not only unpleasant in m... that it is uniformly hard. ... the hardest women's job o... only for a passing momen... multiplicity of exacting dut...

I say *exacting* advised ... were discharged in any but ... they would be written dow... that they involve tasks and ... the ordinary person might ... —to define them no mor... dangerous tasks, often prof...

Think of the atmosphe... work—germ-laden, often un... always most depressing in ... to say the mental. In a... will find nurses working co... ferocious and relentless m... scarlet fever, enteric and ot...

Hours, too. It is not ... thing for a nurse to put ... a spell, and if she is on ni... well be longer. Have yo... taking it easy? I have ha... medical work, and I would ... that the nurse is always ... extremely likely in time to ... cause of it—varicose veins ... ankles among them.

"Yes, it's a terrible jo... for it," is a common sayin... dangerous or disagreeable ... Nursing is one of the ... human occupations—but d... remark I have just quote... It is pitiably recompensed. ... shamefully—scandalously. ... to high heaven for redress.

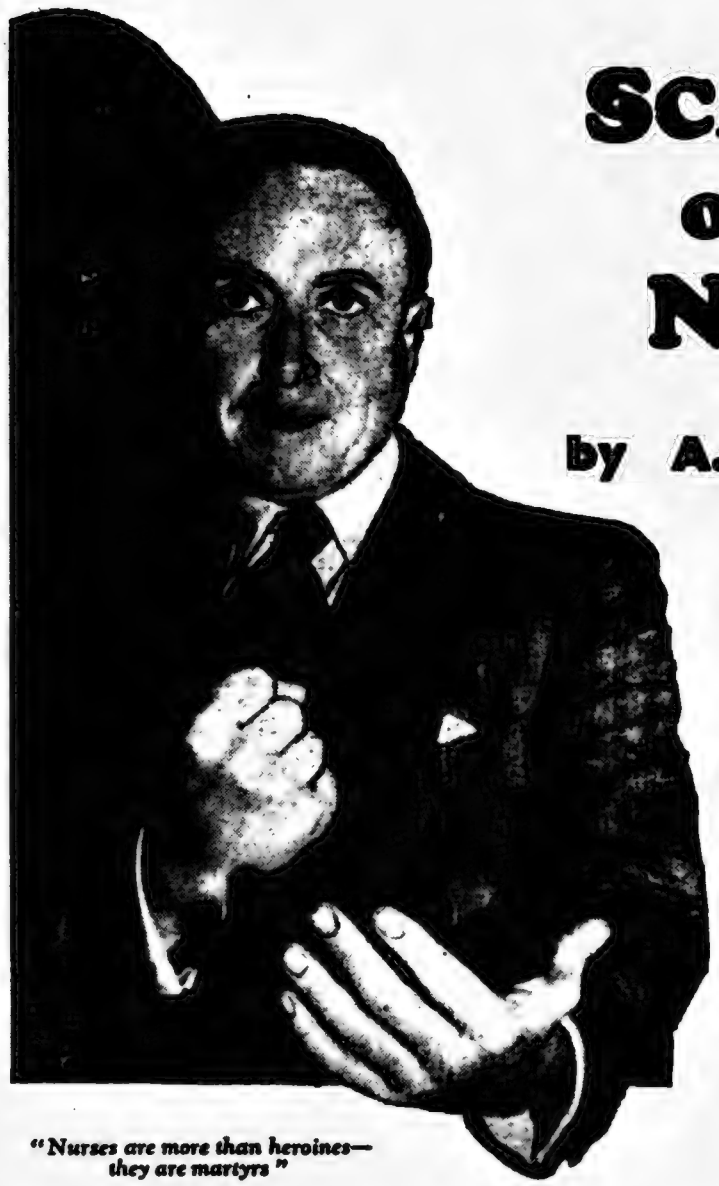
Do you realise that ... average hospital receives ... of her training the utter...

WHAT MAKES ME WILD—1

It will get you wild, too. Dr. Cronin's recent disclosure of Harley Street intrigue woke up the public and scared the specialists. But those ramps were harmless compared with the conditions described here.

SCANDAL of the NURSE

by A. J. CRONIN



"Nurses are more than heroines—they are martyrs"

NOTHING makes me more angry or is more certain to send up my temperature as a critic of men and things than our neglect of the great nursing profession.

That neglect is a standing disgrace to this nation of kindly but apathetic people, one of the blackest blots on a civilisation which prides itself on being the highest in the world of our time.

I have said, in the course of my writing career, some hard things about the medical profession, and said them with a heat which has generated much controversy. I believe that what I have said has done a little good. I cannot approach this question of our nurses in quite the same dispassionate spirit. I can only say good things of them.

Yet I hope that by saying even those good things I may be doing some service to the nurses, who emphatically need it. I will go so far as to say that they are more than heroines—they are martyrs. And the public, which benefits from their selflessness, must not be given rest until this is recognised.

Since the publication of my novel, "The Citadel," where I touched, though only lightly, on the injustice of the nurses' lot, I have received many pathetic letters from nurses thanking me for having even sketchily espoused their cause.

Now, here in JOHN BULL, I am going to espouse it in reality. I am going to bring to bear upon it all the force at my command. Believe me, I do so with feelings of the utmost honesty, sincerity and compassion.

★ ★ ★

Let us agree at once that the nurse's job is not only unpleasant in most of its aspects, but that it is uniformly hard. In many ways it is the hardest women's job on earth. Consider, if only for a passing moment, its nature and the multiplicity of exacting duties which it involves.

I say *exacting* advisedly, for if these duties were discharged in any but the cause of humanity they would be written down as degrading, seeing that they involve tasks and contacts from which the ordinary person might well shrink in horror—to define them no more closely. Moreover, dangerous tasks, often profoundly dangerous.

Think of the atmosphere in which our nurses work—germ-laden, often unventilated; and nearly always most depressing in the physical sense, not to say the mental. In any fever hospital you will find nurses working continuously among the ferocious and relentless microbes of diphtheria, scarlet fever, enteric and others.

Hours, too. It is not at all an uncommon thing for a nurse to put in ten hours' duty at a spell, and if she is on night turn it may very well be longer. Have you ever seen a nurse taking it easy? I have had a long experience of medical work, and I would say for the most part that the nurse is always on her feet. She is extremely likely in time to suffer disabilities because of it—varicose veins and weak and swollen ankles among them.

"Yes, it's a terrible job: they get well paid for it," is a common saying in regard to certain dangerous or disagreeable callings.

Nursing is one of the most dangerous of all human occupations—but does it ever provoke the remark I have just quoted? Not on your life! It is pitiably recompensed. Not only pitiably, but shamefully—scandalously. An outrage that cries to high heaven for redress.

Do you realise that a young nurse in an average hospital receives *in the first four years of her training the utterly pitiful sum of £20 a year*—or about one-third of what is paid to the ordinary cook?

It is not as if, after the probationary period of four years, a generous increase rewards the nurse's labours. Even though she has finished her training, taken all her lectures, put up with innumerable hardships, and slaved herself into a state of efficiency, more often than not damaging her health in doing it—*even then*, as a State registered nurse, she may receive no more than 27s. per week.

It may never be more than that, for in this profession opportunities for advancement are exceedingly limited, and on the heights of matronship there is room for few.

So, after many years of service given to humanity, the nurse may easily find herself with nothing but a bare pittance, no pension, and with no friends—and "grateful patients" readily forget her services.

Ask the people who run the charities for aged and disabled nurses. They will give you facts much more startling than any generalities of mine.

"Ah," you may exclaim, "it is true that our nurses are paid a very small amount of actual money, but they do get their board and lodging and uniform for nothing."

That point is frequently made, and I deliberately restate it. For this reason: I happen to know something of the diet served to the nurses in many institutions. I have seen it. Nay, I have done more—I have tasted it. I have known nurses prefer to buy, out of their own slender resources, a banana and a handful of dry biscuits.

There was a hospital at which the meals were worse even than those I have described. Its nurses went hungry rather than sit down at table.

Enter the matron. She said: "If you do not eat the meals provided for you, you must leave the hospital during mealtimes." An absurd, wicked decision, which meant that the girls were turned out to wander in the streets late at night. It was not altered without long and strenuous opposition.

Living and sleeping quarters for nurses are often the last thing considered by hospital committees. In our older hospitals they are often cheerless, small and damp—the last place where a nurse coming off duty would find recreation and rest.

At one hospital where I spent eighteen months as a young physician, the nurses' quarters consisted of an asbestos erection some distance from the main building. This was in Scotland; and you know what our Scottish weather can be. Quite often the nurses had to walk from their quarters to the hospital in heavy mist or rain, and many of them did their spell of duty in damp clothes and with wet feet.

I have just heard of a hospital which *provides no heating for its nurses' rooms*. They have bought between them an electric fire.

My blood rises again when I think of the rigorous discipline, the severe treatment dealt out to nurses, the impossible taboos insisted on. In this respect tradition dies hard. Matrons, because of the hardship and bitterness of their own training, are apt to be unsympathetic and severe.

There are very few hospitals in which you will not find the nurses fretting under a series of exasperating trivial rules and regulations—perhaps concerning the wearing of their clothes, or the tidiness of rooms.

Again, at many hospitals, to my knowledge, the number of qualified nurses is well below essential requirements. Economy is the root of this evil—foolish, short-sighted and unimaginative economy. Two-thirds of the staffs in the larger hospitals consist of probationers, drawing wages less than those of a domestic servant, as I have shown.

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For this very reason it is often quite impossible for a probationer to learn her job properly. Her days are spent in needless drudgery. True, she must attend lectures. When does she attend them? I can tell you—in her off-duty time, when she is physically and mentally tired and in no state to learn anything.

We might very well ask ourselves at this point why it is the nurses have not rebelled against the flagrant iniquity of the system under which they live and work. The answer is obvious; they are not organized. They have no trade union. Doctors have a trade union, and when some politician says he is going to knock twopence off their insurance money they are admirably armed for defence.

But nurses are without leadership. Indeed, all idea of mass action, standing up for themselves and the rights that are their due, is dragooned out of them by the harshness of the system itself.

Sheer Victorian hypocrisy to say, as we do of nursing, that any profession requires complete self-sacrifice and nun-like martyrdom. That is merely a cloak and a mask for sweated labour—and nothing more

DO YOU KNOW—

THAT there are 100,000 nurses in Britain?

THEY care for 8,000,000 patients each year?

MANY of them work seventy hours a week?

£20 A YEAR is the wage of a probationer nurse?

WHEN fully-qualified and State registered, a nurse may get as little as 27s. per week?

SMUGGLER IN THE SKY

A "John Bull" Investigator's exclusive exposure of Twentieth-Century smuggling rackets—

IT is a dark night on the marshes of the coast of Kent. There are a few stars in the sky. In the distance flicker the lights of Hythe and Folkestone. There is the occasional flash of the lighthouse on Dungeness.

From far away comes the even purr of an aeroplane engine, growing more and more insistent as the seconds pass. Then a sudden change of note as the machine glides to earth.

If you were close enough you would see the pilot swiftly dispose of several packages on the ground. They would be laden into a waiting car or a convenient shed by men who look just like shadows in the darkness. Then the noise of the engine again and the aeroplane is in the sky, her navigation lights alone showing where she is penetrating distance into the night.

In the space of those few minutes on the Kent marshes contraband worth hundreds of pounds has been dramatically smuggled into England and the Customs have been defrauded once again.

When civil aviation first became commercially possible and profitable, it was quite obvious that in course of time the new means of transport would be used as a means of smuggling in the same way as ship or train.

For a long time the Customs authorities at the various landing grounds took a very lenient view of passengers landing with dutiable articles, for the quantities of goods concerned appeared to be negligible.

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But some time ago stringent orders were given to all officers at Customs aerodromes that the strictest watch must be kept on all 'planes arriving in this country. The authorities were seriously concerned at the amount of contraband which was being passed into the country by means of ordinary air routes.

It had nothing to do with the operating airway companies. On the contrary, the airlines have always been steadfast in their attempts to suppress any form of smuggling, both by their own personnel and passengers. Rather it concerned certain passengers — mostly dope runners—who were using the airlines for their own purposes.

To-day, smuggling by air does not concern itself with what may escape the watchful eye of Customs officers at Customs aerodromes.

It has become a highly developed criminal racket, in which private aeroplanes and airfields, here and on the Continent, play their part.

Fortunes are being made by crooks who manage to land dope, brandy, liqueurs, cigars, tobacco, uncut diamonds, expensive silks and other heavily taxed articles in England by means of the aeroplane.

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Make no mistake—this smuggling from the air is costing the State—which, after all, is the taxpayer—thousands of pounds of revenue.

A few years ago necessity for economy forced the Home Office to curtail coastguard services, with the result that parts of Kent, Sussex and Essex have sometimes only one man to seven or eight miles. It is these areas which are the easiest from the point of view of the air smuggler.

At a recent international police conference some very striking facts were mentioned concerning a gentleman, described as an air pilot, named Henri Braund. In actual fact, Braund has never qualified as a commercial airman, but that has not deterred him in the least.

Some time ago he made a forced landing in a field near Calais and the undercarriage of his machine was wrecked.

He himself received sufficiently severe injuries to prevent his getting away from the wrecked machine. This he was most anxious to do because the space behind his seat was packed with tobacco, silks and valuable brandy destined for a "client" in England.

Braund was later charged with flying an aeroplane without a licence and under suspicion of breaking the laws of contraband. The police later discovered that he was interested in a small company, operated by a gang of international crooks, who have their headquarters at a "blind" office in Paris.

Not very long afterwards an aeroplane made a hurried landing close to a village near St. Omer, which will be remembered by all ex-Service men as a war-time G.H.Q.

The pilot mistimed a pre-arranged lamp signal, which was being flashed by the two occupants of a car on the adjacent high road. When he landed his machine was disabled.

The airman hastened to the waiting motor car, which was driven away at once.

The police were able later to trace the identity of the pilot of the wrecked aeroplane as one Emile Henri, of Soutret, in Belgium.

Henri was apprehended and questioned, and he admitted he had been employed by a smuggling gang, and that he had made several successful journeys between Germany, Belgium and France into England.

Having been promised he would be treated leniently if he made a clean breast of things, Henri gave many vivid details of the activities of the smuggling ring.

He said the car contained contraband. He described the two accomplices in the car and warrants have been issued for their arrest.

Emile Henri was not a licensed pilot, nor was Franco Bouline, another Belgian, who crashed a short distance from Brussels four months ago, with his machine crammed with silks, cigars and jewels which he was flying into England. His contraband store was most carefully packed, and the pilot carried elaborate instructions as to how they were to be disposed of on this side.

He was to fly his machine to a lonely spot in the near vicinity of Folkestone, and land after nightfall.

It was not a difficult task. It has been done time after time by professional air smugglers. He was to take his parcels to a shed located on the marshes, where it would be collected later. Then he was to take off and return to the Continent.

Such exploits, when they are successful—as they are in nine cases out of ten—partly explain why something like 1,000,000 lb. of tobacco are smuggled into England every year. Tobacco is a most valuable commodity from a smuggler's point of view. It can be sold at a

Waiting beside their high-powered car, the shore confederates signal to the flying smuggler that it is safe to drop his cargo....

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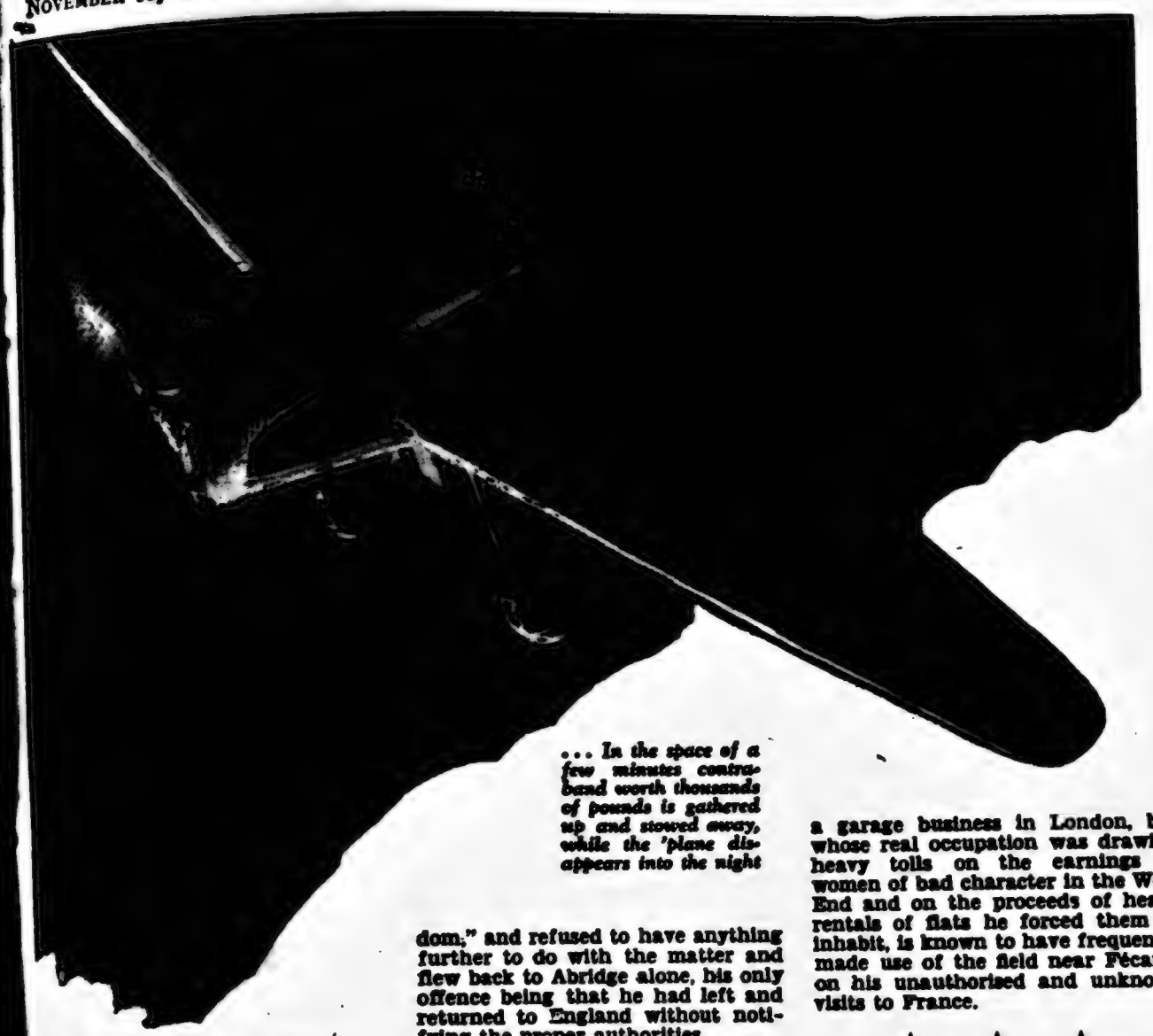

... In the space of a few minutes contraband worth thousands of pounds is gathered up and stowed away, while the 'plane disappears into the night

big profit and without great difficulty.

Jacques Leroy knew that fact only too well.

Leroy was only discovered through information laid against him by an Englishman, who found out how he was making large sums of money without much trouble. Leroy, a native of Paris, was one of the brains behind the smugglers' gang. He was finally arrested at Eu, close by Dieppe, when he was about to take off for the Kent coast with an elaborate load of cigars, tobacco, silk goods and uncut diamonds.

One of the most picturesque financiers of recent years was brought before Essex Quarter Sessions on a charge of having been concerned with two other men in breaking Customs regulations.

★ ★ ★

Throughout the proceedings he was known as Denis Corrigan. He has had an adventurous career.

His latest exploit was to assist in the landing of a foreigner at a place other than a Customs aerodrome.

The name of the alien in question is Henri Rosenthal.

On April 18 last he arrived at Croydon airport by ordinary air liner, but the authorities refused him permission to land. He was sent back to the Continent by the first available 'plane. Corrigan's car had been waiting at Croydon to meet him.

A day or two afterwards a private aeroplane was chartered to fly from Abridge to Abbeville.

On arrival at Abbeville the pilot was offered such a handsome honorarium that he became suspicious, especially when he knew that Abridge was not a Customs air station.

He observed the endorsement on Rosenthal's passport, "Not permitted to land in the United Kingdom," and refused to have anything further to do with the matter and flew back to Abridge alone, his only offence being that he had left and returned to England without notifying the proper authorities.

So a second pilot had to be suborned. This one flew from Heston to Le Touquet, where Rosenthal and another alien named Bouillon were waiting. The machine brought them back to a private airfield near Denham, in Buckinghamshire.

The machine rose quickly into the air again and returned for a short time to France.

Later on, the same machine came down at Heston, and the pilot explained he had just been for a spin to Paris and back. Everything appeared to be in order. By this time Rosenthal was hiding in England and, so far as we know, may still be here.

Pierre Alexandre, a notorious alien, who recently was engaged in a garage business in London, but whose real occupation was drawing heavy tolls on the earnings of women of bad character in the West End and on the proceeds of heavy rentals of flats he forced them to inhabit, is known to have frequently made use of the field near Fécamp on his unauthorised and unknown visits to France.

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He was heavily involved with Max Allard, the white slave trafficker, who was done to death in Soho in sensational circumstances a short time back. He has now been finally deported, unless, of course, he is still using unofficial "aerodromes" for surreptitious visits to his old haunts.

Aeroplane smugglers are very astute business men.

They take good care never to flood the market and incur undue suspicion.

It is the same in the case of opium, cocaine, heroin and other dangerous and forbidden narcotics. There is a very regular supply of all these things coming into this country, and dope fiends know exactly when to expect a renewal of their store of "snow."

It was stated in court that Bella Gold, the dance hostess who recently appeared before the Marylebone magistrates on a charge of being in unlawful possession of dangerous drugs, was an associate of dope agents and peddlers both here and abroad.

Letters relating to drug supplies had reached her by air. The police alleged that one of her associates was Gerald O'Brien, who is at present serving a sentence for drug offences, and who confessed that he had obtained drugs smuggled into this country.

A Belgian subject, well known to the international police, has carried on a lucrative trade in drug smuggling by air for many months past. He has even brought supplies by air from places as distant as Cairo. He has often been on the point of arrest, but somehow has always managed to cheat the police. The Dutch authorities nearly had him a few days ago, but he just managed to avoid them.

Kent is the happy hunting-ground of air smugglers, and it is over the fair land of this county that war is going to be waged to rid the country of this latest pest.

That explains why a secret "police" aerodrome is being laid out. A site has been purchased at a cost of £100,000, and close to it will be erected a new police headquarters.

Nothing is being left to chance. Several members of the county force are being taught how to fly in order that more effective watch may be kept on stray aeroplanes endeavouring to enter the country for illegal purposes.

One officer already has obtained his certificate—he got it at the Cinque Ports Club at Lympne only four months ago.

In connection with the police aeroplane system there will be new wireless transmitters, which no one but the Air Ministry and the proper police authorities will know anything about. When the new Kent police headquarters are ready, in the early part of next year, it will have attached to it special aeroplanes and a service of motor cycles and motor cars to be used on land in conjunction with the watchers in the air.

There will come a time when other county authorities will be forced to follow the lead given by Kent. For this air smuggling has increased, is increasing, and must be diminished.

Culture takes the Count

Sentence of the Court

SOMETHING of a stir was caused in the Long Acre Court of Uncommon Pleas when Christopher Theophelos Londos, world champion wrestler, appeared with nine volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica under his left arm, Morell's History of Modern Philosophy in his right hand and the Complete Works of Shakespeare peeping from a vest pocket.

The bulky Theophelos was accommodated with two seats in court during the hearing of an application by the Federation of Bruisers, Bashers and Maulers for an injunction to restrain him and his Press agent from using the august names of Shakespeare, Sophocles and Schopenhauer for publicity purposes.

Supporting the application, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that Londos was a wrestler of acknowledged eminence and Shakespeare (said by Londos to be his favourite author) might have described him as "a fellow of infinite chest."

"Unfortunately," continued counsel, "Londos is not content with these claims to distinction, but seems anxious to prove that his brow is as high as his shoulders are broad. The result is that he has put interviewers on their backs by employing Shakespearian strangleholds and has pinned sporting writers to the mat with quotations from Sophocles.

"All this has greatly distressed his fellow-members of the Federation of Bruisers, Bashers and Maulers, who have vainly searched the files of *Sporting Life* for the records of the men to whom Londos refers so glibly."

Mr. Strawsplitter, in opposing the application, said that his client's attitude was summed up in his communiqué to the Press, in which he had stated: "To be physically fit, a man wants to train his brain just as much as his muscles."

"My client," stated counsel, "is on familiar terms with most of the world's Great Thinkers, and to Schopenhauer he is indebted for the dictum that 'Human beings can only learn something by pain.' With this noble precept in mind, he has, with the aid of hammerlocks and half-Nelsons, sought to make his opponents learned men."

"Having read the Press interviews and observed the demeanour of Londos," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "I have come to the conclusion that he is suffering from what might be called a superiority complex.

"Of recent years quite a few pugilists and wrestlers have revealed a somewhat comic anxiety to convince the world of their culture other than physical.

"Those who remember some of the tough-jawed, cauliflower-eared predecessors of these cultured purse-bearers may agree with me that for a fighter it is a Farr, Farr better thing to be low of brow and full of pluck than high of hat and full of quotations.

"The world is interested in Mr. Londos not because he has aspired to become a philosopher, but because he has perspired to become a wrestler, and I think I shall be saving newspaper readers much boredom if I grant this injunction, to remain in force until the cows come home or the 'bulls' return to the Stock Exchange, whichever period shall prove the more remote."

Y. Z.

"Something of a stir"

Yes... and the filter tip will keep you fit

du MAURIER

the perfect cigarette with the exclusive filter tip

CORK TIP IN THE RED BOX PLAIN TIP IN THE BLUE BOX

TEN FOR SIXPENCE · TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

One in the Eye . .

Eighteen million people in Britain use spectacles. A wide field for exploitation by quacks with a smattering of knowledge about the mechanical process of testing eyes for reading.

But it is one thing to carry out a rough "test"; quite another to prescribe corrective measures. Quacks don't care! Their aim is to sell glasses for as much as their deluded clients will pay.

***John Bull* has always denounced such charlatans. One of them, Ephraim Burford, so far resented our exposure that he sued us for libel. He got short shrift. The jury stopped the case and the Lord Chief Justice fully endorsed our demand for legislation to put the quacks out of business.**

Now it is up to Parliament.

OPEN LETTERS

H.M. the KING of the BELGIANS,
Royal Palace, Brussels

YOUR MAJESTY,—You are shortly to be the guest of King George and Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace.

You will also be the guest of the British public during your visit, and that public will give you the same welcome they often gave to your late lamented father, the brave Albert, and his Queen Elisabeth, your mother.

In spite of the period of stress and crisis through which the world has passed in the last nineteen years, there remains firmly embedded in the minds of our nation a feeling of friendship for the gallant ally of war years, the heroic little nation symbolised by your father and over which you were called to rule in such tragic circumstances.—JOHN BULL.

The PRIME MINISTER,
10, Downing Street

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You are all out for a bigger population. Then why does the Government discourage marriage among its servants?

Only policemen with considerable service may marry. Women police may not marry at all. For women Civil servants it is a case of handing in notice with the posting of banns. Marriage allowances for soldiers only start at 28.

I see your colleague, Sir Kingsley Wood, has swept aside the marriage ban on municipal midwives. So the old stock arguments about the marriage of women public servants are not really sound.

Come now, Mr. Prime Minister, you cannot have it both ways.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. M. MACDONALD, M.P.,
Dominions Minister

SIR,—It has always been the swaggering boast of the brown boys of Berlin that National Socialism is not for export.

Of course, like so many other things in the Nazi regime, that is just humbug. We have received some very disquieting information concerning activities of Nazi organisations in big cities of Canada such as Toronto, Winnepeg and Vancouver.

Propaganda is being openly organised under the guidance of German consuls.

Perhaps you will oblige the public with more details.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. G. K. A. BELL,
Bishop of Chichester

MY LORD BISHOP,—The provincial Sunday has become proverbial for dullness and boredom. Almost every time someone suggests opening the cinemas on the Sabbath there is bound to be a storm of opposition from the near-Godly.

If the young men and women walk aimlessly about the streets to pass away the evening hours, they come in for a different kind of criticism from these survivors of the Chadband family.

You give the lead to the country by providing Sunday social evenings at the price of one penny. Admirable. Please drop a hint to your fellow-bishops when you meet them at the Church Assembly.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. F. O. ROBERTS, M.P.,
Westminster

SIR,—I warn you—the Government will try to sidetrack your Bill demanding regulation of hours and conditions of work for nurses in hospitals and convalescent homes. It is going to bleat that an enquiry is already being made into the question.

We have heard that tale for years and nurses are still often forced to work 70 hours a week. Read Dr. Cronin on another page.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. W. CURRIE,
Governor, Corporation of Sons of the Clergy

Dear Currie,

My congratulations. You are continuing your campaign against the Ecclesiastical Commissioners with the vigour which has commanded my admiration for a long time.

The Church of England is simultaneously the biggest and worst ground landlord in the country.

It perpetuates the bad old traditions of proprietor and rent collector. While other bodies spend large sums to rehouse the poor, in the last forty years it has only provided just over 2,000 flats and cottages, and its excuse has been its obligations as a landlord, which presumably puts revenue first.

At the Church Assembly you are going to draw attention to revenues the Church derives from houses of "dubious reputation morally" in the borough of Paddington and to that bad patch of ecclesiastical land in Walworth which "seems to be infested with vermin."

I am sure you will remind the assembled bishops of the words of the Master, "Physician, heal thyself."

John Bull

Sir PHILIP GAME,
Scotland Yard

SIR,—Have you noticed how many of your police officers are resigning to join the provincial forces because they can get better service conditions?

I am told that there are many officers who are still owed time off for the extra Coronation duty. I expect to see this unsatisfactory state of affairs put right immediately.

This is only one of many grievances, as you are well aware.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. K. MACMILLAN, M.P.
House of Commons

SIR,—You are the youngest member of the House, but already you have a splendid Parliamentary record. You represent the wild spaces of the Western Isles and your efforts on behalf of the poor crofters are gradually being rewarded.

Now you turn to a national problem—annual holidays for workers with pay.

You must expect the stiffest opposition from those whose lives have been just one long holiday.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir THOMAS INSKIP, M.P.,
Defence Minister

SIR,—You say you are horrified by the pictures of the war in China which are appearing in the public Press.

I agree that some of them are grim and ghastly. But in publishing them the Press doubly serves its purpose. It reports what is happening with illustration. It brings home to us all the horrors of modern war.

Each picture is a lesson in futility. I can imagine no more effective propaganda for peace.

Does co-ordination of defence imply blinding your eyes to facts?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. E. V. PARKER,
President-Elect, Nat. Union of Teachers

MADAM,—You are continuing your fight for smaller classes in elementary schools. The existing situation is nothing short of a public scandal. Often there are as many as seventy crowded into one classroom.

What is the result? Either the pace of the class is governed by the boys and girls with the lowest intelligence, or else a teacher concentrates on the bright ones and leaves the dull to fend for themselves.

You demand minimum classes of thirty. If you can get that limit from a spineless and unimaginative Board of Education you will deserve a triumph.—JOHN BULL.

JACK CARNEY,
Old Time Barefist Fighter

DEAR JACK,—You have attained fourscore, and your old opponent American Jack McAuliffe, with whom you once fought seventy-four rounds over a period of five hours with bare fists, is dead.

So few of you stalwarts of the ring survive. You fought for a few pounds, and not the fantastic purses which make modern heavy-weight contests begin in the ring and end in the law courts.

But among real sportsmen your memory remains ever green.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. NOBBS,
Barrow Hill, Chesterfield

SIR,—You came into considerable prominence because of your published statement banning communicants who use lipstick.

I invite you to obtain even greater prominence by chiding those churchgoers who only pay lip-service to religion one day a week and deem themselves not as other men are.

You know the type I refer to. Their service over, God returns to Heaven and stays there till next Sunday—at eleven.—JOHN BULL.

The CLERK,
Havant Petty Sessions

SIR,—Bravo! We want a few more clerks like you in our minor courts.

A rating officer objected to your asking about the means of people against whom he wanted an order for payment within fourteen days. You held steadfastly to your point.

Rating officers all over the country cause much unnecessary suffering and misery through forgetting that you cannot get blood out of a stone.—JOHN BULL.

Sir FARQUHAR BUZZARD,
Harley Street

SIR,—Ten million weeks of working time are lost every year through something the ordinary man calls just "nerves."

Of course, it is something much more serious than that, and you deserve the support of everyone in your contention that all big employers of labour should include on their pay roll an expert medical psychologist.

Until that happy state arrives, everybody ought to pay very earnest attention to what they call their "nerves." They cover a multitude of ailments, ailments which are far more destructive to health and happiness than the things we think it absolutely necessary to go to the doctor about.—JOHN BULL.

"Goodness! That looks like—

YES, CERTAINLY USE POWDER AND MAKE-UP, BUT DO BE CAREFUL OF UGLY COSMETIC SKIN . . .

"OH DEAR! I'm fed-up with my face." So many women feel unhappy like this when they look in the mirror. They see their complexion looking dingy and lifeless, their skin lacking in tone. Yet they used not to look this way. Is this your experience?

If it is, then probably you, too, are the victim of that widespread modern complexion trouble—Cosmetic Skin.

Danger here

Many women who believe they're removing cosmetics thoroughly, actually leave traces of stale powder, sticky powder base and make-up deep in the pores night after night. Then pores get clogged, skin can't breathe properly. Soon complexion takes on a muddy tinge—it looks dull and sallow. Skin gets tired-looking, patchy. Large pores appear, blemishes even. Look out! All these are warning signs of ugly Cosmetic Skin.

Powder harmless if removed this way

There is one sure way to guard against Cosmetic Skin—Lux Toilet Soap. This famous beauty soap is specially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its pure white lather sinks right down to the very depths of the pores—floats away every trace of dust, stale make-up and powder as nothing else does. That's why for years now film stars, loveliest girls in the world, have been using Lux Toilet Soap. It guards them from Cosmetic Skin, keeps complexions smooth, clear and lovely.

Every night remove cosmetics with Lux Toilet Soap. During the day, too, whenever you make up afresh. The beauty soap of the stars will bring you a clear, film star complexion. Lux Toilet Soap is 3d. a tablet in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

A LEVER PRODUCT

TL 875-364-65

THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN

and the foundations of physical fitness and adult health are laid in the nursery. Boots the Chemists take pride in the completeness of their service to mothers—many branches provide the assistance of a trained nurse—and at all branches baby's needs are met with promptness and economy . . . . But, a word of warning. Stale medicines may be useless or even harmful. That is why Boots dispensaries are subject to a rigid system of stock control which ensures that your prescriptions are made up fresh in every ingredient and accurate in every detail. And that is a special reason why for all baby's needs, as well as your own, you can rely on

The Boots Chemists

HERE ARE SOME EXAMPLES OF VALUE AT BOOTS:

LIQUID PARAFFIN
5d. per 4 oz. bottle,
9d. per 8 oz. bottle,
1/3 per 16 oz. bottle,
2/6 per quart bottle.

BORACIC POWDER
1d. per 1 oz. carton,
2d. per 2 oz. carton,
3d. per 4 oz. carton,
5½d. per 8 oz. carton.

PARRISH'S CHEMICAL FOOD
4½d. per 3 oz. bottle,
7½d. per 6 oz. bottle,
1/- per 12 oz. bottle,
1/6 per pint bottle.

ASPIRIN TABLETS
4d. per bottle of 25,
7d. per bottle of 50,
1/- per bottle of 100.

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

A. G. GARDINER—

Prophets, Priests and Kings, A.G.G.'s virile pen has pricked them all. Respected in the world of affairs at home and abroad, he is very human and ready to write on subjects that interest and intimately affect his friends in *John Bull's* one and a half million homes.

What do YOU want me to write about?

I HAVE been asked this week to touch a more personal note than usual. Some changes—which it is hoped will be felt to be changes for the better—are made in this issue, and the occasion seems one when I, in the character of a sort of domestic chaplain to the great congregation which JOHN BULL addresses, can step down from the pulpit and talk on more intimate matters than those which ordinarily fall to my lot.

In making the suggestion to me the editor, I think, has a practical object in view, which will be apparent before I have finished.

Let me, in the first place, say "Thank you." It is fifteen years since I was approached with the proposal that I should write a weekly article on public affairs for JOHN BULL. I agreed, and I have never regretted the decision. I should like to think that you have not regretted it either.

From that time to the present I cannot recall an issue of this paper which has appeared without a contribution from me.

If there has been such an occasion, the fact was due, not to any difference between the editor and his contributor, but to the indisposition of the latter. Whether I have been at home or abroad, on land or sea, my weekly article has been delivered and duly printed—*as it was written.*

I italicise that fact because I think it is as important to you as it is to me. In these days of commercialised journalism the voice of the independent journalist, speaking not from a brief, but as the facts dictate and as the spirit moves him, is much less frequently heard than in days when circulations were smaller and the great newspaper combines were unknown.

That is unfortunate. I have never been able to subscribe to the barristerial view of journalism—the view, that is, that the writer should accept a brief, and state a case if necessary, contrary to his own convictions and his own reading of the fact.

That is legitimate in the case of a barrister pleading for a client whom he suspects to be in the wrong, but who is entitled to have his side presented so that judge and jury, hearing both sides, may come to a just decision.

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But the journalist is not in that case. He is not addressing a court of law, frankly from a brief. He is addressing the public, who are entitled to assume that he speaks in good faith and from his own unfettered convictions.

If he does not do that he is misleading the public. He is offering them counterfeit coin, which he knows, and they do not know, to be counterfeit.

And it is because, in all my long association with this journal, I have never been asked to support a cause or a point of view in which I did not myself believe, or to attack a cause or point of view in which I did believe—it is because of this that I look back with gratitude and self-respect upon the past fifteen years.

I have written on hundreds of public themes—sometimes, I hope, wisely, sometimes, I dare say, unwisely. But, wise or unwise, I have written my own convictions, and what I have written has been printed without, so far as I can recall, the alteration of a phrase—certainly without the toning down of an opinion.

If I have found myself unable to take a line on a given subject which editorial policy wished to be taken, I have said so, and have written on other topics on which I was in agreement with that policy.

In other words, I have not always said all that I wished to say, but nothing that I have said has been said contrary to my belief or to what I conceived to be the weight of evidence.

So much in acknowledgment of the journalistic freedom I have been permitted to enjoy in these columns.

Let me turn to the spirit in which I have tried to exercise that freedom. I have never conceived of JOHN BULL as a Party organ hitched to the chariot wheels of this caucus or that, or concerned with whether Tweedledum or Tweedledee was in power.

I have conceived of it as a vehicle of approach to the average citizen who, whatever his political affiliations, is accessible to plain truths plainly told, believes in freedom and democratic institutions, wants peace and a kindly world, and is equally opposed to the extremes of revolution and reaction.

It has been a great privilege to me to be permitted to speak week by week in the homes of a million and a half of my fellow-citizens, and, whatever the subject has been, I have sought to present it in the light of the real facts, without prejudice and with the single desire to promote our common well-being.

How far I have succeeded is not for me to say.

But, in glancing back over the major issues of these tremendous post-war years, I may at least claim that events have not discredited me.

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To take one or two instances: I insisted in and out of season that the Peace was a bad Peace doomed to a bad end.

I protested against the folly and wickedness of attempting to imprison for ever a great nation of sixty million people, and when, in the Ruhr madness, our Rothermeres were crying "Hats off to France," I said the Allies were sowing dragons' teeth that would spring up armed men.

Well, to-day the harvest is here, and the dunces who cried "Hats off to France" then are now crying "Hats off to Mussolini" and "Hats off to Hitler."

Take another critical moment: When Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931 I said that if this adventure was not nipped in the bud—as it could so easily have been then under the Nine-Power Treaty—gangsterism would be let loose over the earth and the Covenant of the League would be waste-paper.

Abyssinia, Spain, China are the direct fruits of that adventure. Not only the Covenant, but the entire Treaty of Versailles, is torn to ribbons. And the whole world is an armed camp, preparing, preparing—for it knows not what.

And to-day, six years too late, the Nine-Power Treaty is being resurrected at Brussels—a ghostly reminder of the most tragic lost opportunity in the history of the world.

I recall the past, not for the idle satisfaction of saying "I told you so." I recall it as witness of the spirit in which I have fulfilled the commission I undertook fifteen years ago, and because of the editorial suggestion that inspired this article.

The purpose of that suggestion is to bring the writer and JOHN BULL readers into more intimate relationship, so that the pulse of the people on public affairs can be still more truly reflected and made more influential upon the national life.

Dark times are behind and still darker times, it may be, are before us.

If democracy is to survive the challenge of the dictator, it must be an instructed democracy, and in the building up of such a democracy the vast constituency of JOHN BULL should be a powerful and active element.

Its influence on public opinion will be greatly enhanced if it will make the paper the clearing-house of its ideas and vehicle of its discontents and its aspirations.

I do not ask you to write to me. Make the editor your public confessor, and through him enable me to make my contributions, so long as they continue, nearer to your heart's desires and your practical needs.

Write to the Editor and tell him what you want A. G. G. to write about.

History is made at night

SHE WON THE DANCE COMPETITION THE NIGHT BEFORE IT HAPPENED

How deep sleep secret brought her popularity and charm

It wasn't a dream. Oh, no ! Most of life's battles are won or lost *the night before they happen.*

Self-confidence, energy, optimism, all depend on sound, restoring sleep. Not *long* sleep but *scientifically sound* sleep—the sort of sleep a bed-time cup of Bourn-vita gives you, building up new life for to-morrow and resistance to ills and chills.

WHAT PROTECTIVE FOODS DO FOR YOU

There is always infection around you. You must be able to resist it. Bourn-vita gives you the safeguard of its four protective foods—helps you keep clear of coughs and colds.

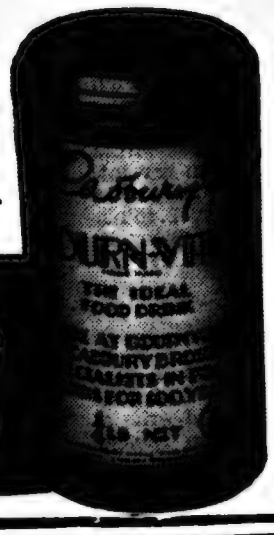
It all depended on a cool nerve, a clear head and abundant energy. Bourn-vita each night was the secret that brought her success. It can do the same for anyone—it can do the same for **YOU.**

She's a **BOURN-VITA WINTER-PROOFED GIRL.** *No coughs or colds for her—she takes Bourn-vita every night.* **YOU** *can be winter-proofed too, if you do as the does.*

The night is more important than the day. Bourn-vita sees you make the most of it—prepares **YOU** *for success to-morrow*

9D PER ½ LB.

1/5 PER ½ LB.



BOURN-VITA *to night makes to-morrow just right*

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER

SCARRED FILM SWINDLER

ALMOST daily in the past few weeks, I learn, there has been an unhappy scene outside a small general shop near the White City, at Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

Every morning there has arrived there, individually, numbers of young women with smiles of expectation on their features. Soon, as they stood on the pavement for hours discussing what had brought them there, their radiance turned to sadness and dejection.

The shopkeeper was very surprised when, one by one, these young women—many of them girls in their 'teens—began to arrive and to enquire for Mr. Gilbert Worsley, a film producer.

The tradesman knew nothing at all about him.

Since then, I find, more and more women have appeared every day at Shepherd's Bush on the same quest. They have come mostly from the Midlands and numerous towns in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and all of them have been under the impression that the address was that of a film studio where lucrative work was awaiting them.

Many of the young women have found themselves stranded. They had spent their last shilling on new clothing and on railway fares to London. More than that, all of them had been robbed.

Each has paid him £6—supposed to be the agent's and booking fees for parts in an all-colour picture entitled "This Wonderful England"—a serious loss to girls from working-class families.

The majority of them had given up their employment in the provinces to undertake the promised film work.

All of them have had identical experiences with Gilbert Worsley. During the past two months this man has been sponsoring what are called film fans' clubs, each with a membership of admirers of various male screen stars.

From the publicity agents of these actors Worsley had obtained supplies of autographed photographs, one of which was sent to each woman applicant for membership of the different clubs.

Accompanying it was a letter from Worsley stating that the "star" after whom the club was named was desirous of having a complete collection of the photographs of the members.

Worsley then began to call on the club members throughout the country. Each young woman was told by him that he had been commissioned to assemble a company of typically English girls for the new film "This Wonderful England," and that he and the directors of the production were so impressed by her photograph that they had decided without hesitation to offer her a part.

The terms offered to everyone approached in this manner were identical—£5 to be paid down for booking fees, wages of £3 10s. a week for a month of rehearsal and elocution training, and £7 7s. a week thereafter during the period of production.

* * *

Worsley's victims lately have not all been film-struck young women.

One who has been swindled by him of £250 is nearly seventy years of age. She lives at Bognor Regis, and he presented himself to her there as a retired lieutenant-commander of the Royal Navy named Wardley Hudson.

He represented that he had been appointed managing director of a film company which had entered into contracts to bring to Britain for its pictures a team of celebrated Hollywood players. For an investment of £250 in the first film to be made, he assured the elderly widow of a return of not less than £1,000 within six months.

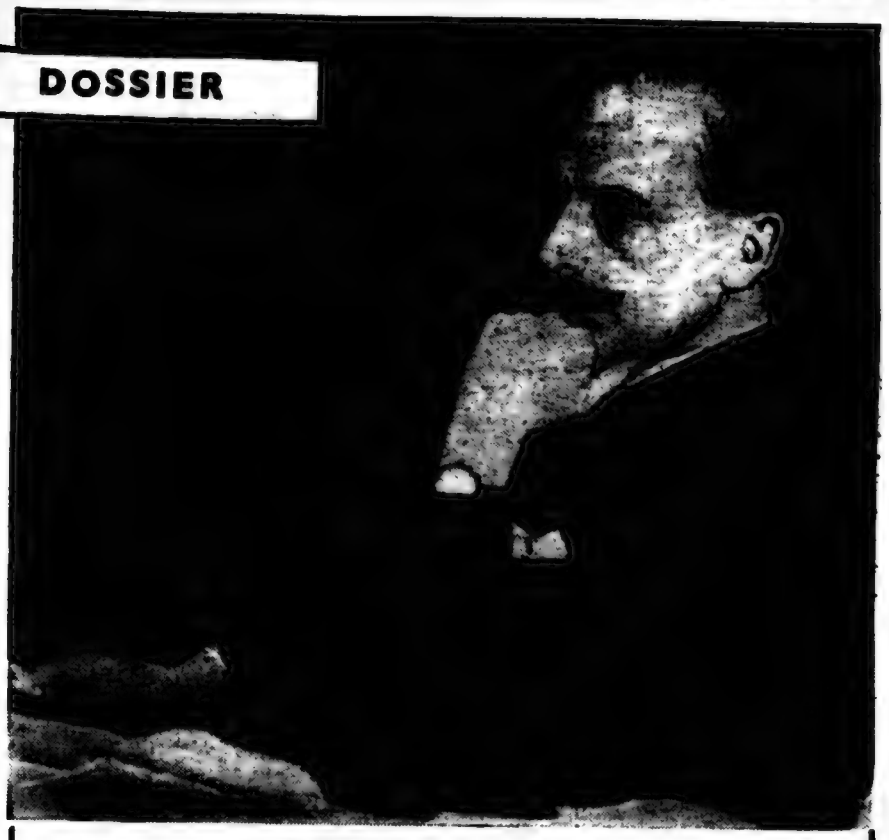
Posing again as a film director and wearing immaculate riding kit—which he has not paid for—Worsley also visited an equitation school near London and persuaded the proprietor to send two hacks to him at a village in the Cotswolds.

There, he said, they would be examined by the veterinary officer of a hunt of which he was a member, and a good price would be paid for them if they were found suitable.

Except for having taken a night's lodging at an inn, Worsley had no address at this village. He met the horses at the railway station and had them sent on to Bristol, where he sold them much below their real value.

Worsley is identifiable by the mark of a deep wound over the left jaw, which, he states, was caused by a shell fragment while he was serving as an officer on a cruiser at the Battle of Jutland.

A public service would be rendered by anyone who recognises him and who informs the police of his whereabouts.



SIR WYNDHAM TO YOU:

"Eight years have passed since I relinquished my post as Assistant Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard and joined JOHN BULL. In that time, thanks to the co-operation of my readers, I have been able to expose countless shams and to bring many rogues to book. My one regret is that readers often write to me too late. So, if you are dubious about any proposition, consult me immediately. I open all my own letters and give every problem my personal attention."

Landlords Who Cheat

MONTHS ago the Minister of Health appointed a committee to advise him on the consequences of possible amendments of the Rent Restriction Acts which are soon about to expire.

Not a single public statement has been made so far about the activities of this committee. If it continues to meander as it is doing, the outlook must be black indeed for some millions of working-class house tenants.

From what can be ascertained about the work of this secretive committee, one disquieting fact stands out.

It is that the members are paying no attention whatever to the colossal robbery that is at present being perpetrated almost everywhere in the country by landlords who are openly flouting the legislation which is supposed to govern rents.

During the past few weeks JOHN BULL has been receiving reports from a number of reputable charity organisations the directors of which have been overwhelmed by requests for assistance to pay off rent arrears.

Throughout the country these charitable societies have been investigating the situation, and their officers declare themselves to be appalled by the evidence of exploitation of the poor.

From every district the story is similar. The ramp is to be found in progress not at houses here and there, but at every house in street after street.

* * *

The reports received from different towns are almost identical regarding the incredible extent to which property speculators are not only defrauding working-class tenants, but are extracting their illicit profits by putting in the bailiffs whenever the smallest arrears accumulate in the payment of excessive rents.

A common example of these reports is one describing how in one city many hundreds of unscrupulous landlords have been tracked down by private enquiry in the last few weeks.

In every case these swindling property owners, when they have been found out, have done no more than offer to repay their tenants an amount equivalent to twenty-six weeks of the overcharge.

The law is in such an extraordinary state that the thieving landlords need do no more. They can neither be sued nor prosecuted in respect of the money they have stolen from their tenants.

During the enquiry—the results of which have been similar to those obtained elsewhere—it has been found that thousands of tenants have been overcharged for rent in the last few years to the tune of from £50 to £100.

One householder with a large family had the bailiffs in a few days ago for rent arrears of £2. *When his case came up for investigation, it was discovered that since he took occupation of his house the landlord had robbed him of £370!*

This scandal could be wiped out quickly and effectively by a small amendment of the Rent Restriction Acts.

No more is needed than a single clause to be introduced making it compulsory on every local authority to open an office at which householders could apply to have their legal and proper rents assessed for them.

My Charges Vindicated

I TAKE this early opportunity to thank so many readers who have sent me messages of congratulation on the result of the libel action in the High Court a few days ago against JOHN BULL, regarding one of my articles exposing the activities and pretensions of Ephraim Burford, the self-styled "eminent eyesight specialist."

When I singled out Burford for attack, I did so to illustrate the scandal of quack eyesight practitioners and the public danger caused by the Government's refusal so far to legislate for the qualification and registration of opticians.

Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, who presided at the trial, had this danger in mind when, after Burford said he had studied the eyes for twelve years, his Lordship tersely demanded—"Have you ever asked yourself at whose expense you have learned?"

Burford flaunted in court two sets of degrees which he possesses.

But Mr. Gilbert Beyfus, K.C., who successfully defended the action for JOHN BULL, promptly revealed how worthless are the strings of letters which Burford and other impostors carry on their names.

They are obtainable for a few shillings.

One woman witness disclosed the extraordinary information that, *although she knew nothing at all about optics*, she had been granted a degree simply by sending a small fee and without being required to enter for any examination!

To me the happiest outcome of the trial was the statement of Lord Hewart, when, in awarding the verdict to JOHN BULL, he spoke of the desirability of the enterprises of people like Burford receiving the attention of those who administer the law relating to the obtaining of money by false pretences.

OVERCOATS

MEN who expect good wear, smart appearance, warmth and comfort from their overcoats, will find just what they want at The Fifty Shilling Tailors.

THERE's no doubt that Rational Tailoring offers men of all classes an amazingly wide selection of overcoats. Among the many materials there are tweeds, worsteds, herringbones. Styles are always the very latest. This year, for example, you can get a sporty Raglan in Harris Tweed, or a smart traveller's Ulster with half belt or a heavy double breasted blue Melton for city wear. You can have patch or slit pockets, buckle or tie belts, buttons showing or not. At the standard prices of 50/-, 63/- and 75/- these overcoats are exceptional value.

50/- 63/- 75/-

The

FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

PROPRIETORS: PRICES TAILORS LTD.

OVER 300 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

I remember the arguments that went on two or three years ago, as to whether we should make "cheap" sets. I remember somebody saying "*You've got a wonderful reputation for quality. You'll lose it if you make a cheap set.*"

Well, we've been selling "cheap" sets for some time now and *my* opinion is, that they have strengthened our reputation for good work. We don't see why people who only want to spend comparatively little on a radio set shouldn't have an opportunity of buying a Murphy if they want one.

These cheaper Murphy sets are made by the same people with as much care and with as high a standard of reliability as any of their bigger brothers. They may be "juniors" but they belong to the Murphy Radio family.

E. J. POWER, *Managing Director*

£6.10
Exclusive of batteries

Murphy Models include:

MAINS RADIOGRAMOPHONE at	£24 and £25
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MAINS ALL-WAVE TABLE MODEL at	£15.10
MAINS TABLE MODEL at	£11.10
BATTERY TABLE MODEL at	£10.15

A LIMITED NUMBER OF MURPHY TELEVISION RECEIVERS ARE AVAILABLE, PRICE £95.

BATTERY TABLE MODEL.—"Straight" H.F. Receiver, fitted with clear full-vision Station-Name Scale. New feature of this set is what is called "Constant reaction," which simplifies tuning, especially on distant stations. Excellent reproduction. Automatic grid bias. Very low current consumption. Any standard H.T. Battery can be used. The cabinet is finished in highly polished Walnut with black sides.

ALL MAINS UNIVERSAL TABLE MODEL.—Supersonic Heterodyne Receiver. Reproduction is extraordinarily fine. The Tuning Scale is marked with station names both on long and medium waves with separate illumination for whichever waveband is in use. Sensitivity and selectivity are excellent and the standard of reliability is the same as in more expensive Murphy sets. This set has noise suppression between stations. Cabinet in Walnut. This model is similar in appearance to the one illustrated with the exception of the reaction control knob. £8.5.
FOR USE ON A.C. OR D.C. MAINS

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS.

Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

MURPHY

C. R. Casson 655

Continuing : Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Birched Boy :

MOTHER'S DREADFUL ORDEAL

I sat by my child's bedside throughout the night. Trying to comfort him. His fears could not be subdued. My anguished heart became broken. His torture was mine.

An extract from the pathetic message from the distracted Eastbourne mother, which we transmit to the Home Secretary

LAST week JOHN BULL had to make known an astounding sentence imposed at Airdrie by Sheriff A. D. Donald on a nine-year-old boy who had been guilty of petty theft.

This child, who had never been in trouble of any kind before, and who had survived three attacks of pneumonia lately, was ordered to receive six strokes of the birch.

Letters and telegrams of protest and anger have poured into the Editor of JOHN BULL from almost every area of Britain since the facts were reported.

A fervent and piteous appeal had been made to Sheriff Donald to be more merciful, but he refused to alter the sentence.

Happily, it has now to be recorded that since JOHN BULL went to press, the Sheriff has changed his mind. Medical testimony has been presented to him that it would be dangerous for the flogging of this little boy to take place, and he has now given an instruction for the cancellation of the sentence.

* * *

Among the letters regarding this case which have reached JOHN BULL in the last few days, by far the most poignant are those from parents whose children—usually for first offences—have had floggings administered by the order of lay magistrates in the juvenile courts.

These tell of ghastly occurrences. If the contents of only a few of them could be read in the House of Commons there is little doubt that Parliament would speedily pass legislation to stop this dreadful punishment of young children.

The cry for mercy from these parents cannot be better expressed than in the following statement from an Eastbourne mother. These are her words:

"I have read in JOHN BULL that the Home Secretary has appointed a committee to advise him on the question of the birching of children. I would like to give evidence before that committee because my boy has just undergone a sentence of this kind.

"No doubt the Home Secretary's advisers would very quickly reach a decision if the members would listen to statements from myself and other mothers.

"Recently I became aware that my son—who is only nine years of age—was coming under the evil influence of an older boy. One night he returned from the cinema and told me that this boy had shown him a bundle of £1 and 10s. notes which had been stolen from the office of an Eastbourne hotel. My son told me that this boy was eager to show him how to burgle the hotel.

* * *

"I reported these facts to a police officer and asked if anything could be done to end his association with the youth who was seeking to entice him into crime.

"Nothing was done. A few weeks ago detectives came to my home, and my nine-year-old son was charged with having been concerned with other boys in a series of thefts in which he appropriated about 3s. 4d. and a small quantity of grapes.

"I went with my husband to the court at which our boy had to appear. I was delighted when I saw that the senior of the two justices on the bench was a woman—Alderman Miss E. M. Thornton, a former Mayor of Eastbourne and a woman of such mature experience that I had no doubt she would listen most sympathetically to the circumstances which had led to our child committing his first offence.

"But I was almost struck down with dismay when I saw that Miss Thornton had to take a very grave view regarding my boy. I nearly collapsed when I heard her order that he should be taken out of the courtroom and birched by police officers.

"Because of war disabilities, my husband is far from being in the best of health. He had a heart attack after the sentence was pronounced, and, when I learned that it was to be carried out there and then, he took my advice to return home.

* * *

"I insisted that I should be present at the flogging.

"My little son and I were escorted to a prison cell, where two policemen began to make preparations for the sentence to be carried out.

"Please believe that I am not suggesting that these police officers were guilty of any brutality whatsoever. They did no more than carry out the order given to them, and I have no doubt that the task imposed on them was distasteful and was performed with the utmost mercy in their power.

"One of them sat on the plank bed in the cell, held my boy's head between his knees and clasped the child's hands between his legs in a backward position.

"The other officer then came forward to give the punishment.

"I was horror stricken when I saw the weapon in his hand. I expected that it would be no more than an ordinary cane such as is used by schoolmasters. But it was a heavy flong of many strands of what seemed to be broom.

* * *

"I saw the first blow fall. I have no other recollection than hearing him give a horrible cry and seeing him frantically trying to withdraw his head from the clutch of the other policeman's knees.

"When the flail descended I saw what seemed to be many marks rise out from the skin on the small of my boy's back.

"Then I fainted.

"When I came round I saw my boy jumping about the cell in pain and terror.

"A kindly police matron gave me a restorative and I took my boy home.

"Dreadful days and nights have followed.

"Rest of any kind has been impossible for him. He kicks and struggles in the sheets. All night he screams aloud crying 'Oh! don't let them hit me! Don't let them hit me!' His temperature has been very high, and even when he gets brief sleep he is in constant delirium.

* * *

"I sat by the child's bedside throughout the nights trying to comfort him. His terror could not be subdued. My anguished heart became broken. His torture was mine.

"But he and I will not have suffered uselessly if only the ladies and gentlemen whom the Home Secretary has asked to advise him on the question of flogging will pause for a moment to consider the effects of such terrible sentences on delicate and immature children."

So JOHN BULL transmits this pathetic message to the Home Secretary. It should speak for itself to him.

Alderman Miss E. M. Thornton. Beyond doubt she deplored the necessity for the sentence

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED . . .

Christmas Trickster

CHRISTMAS tricksters are already getting busy.

One fraudulent firm which has broken new ground is named H. D. Grimdale and Co., produce brokers, which, according to cards left at the doors, has headquarters in the Smithfield and Borough markets of London.

Householders in places as far apart as Bournemouth, Hull and Lancaster have been receiving visits from Grimdale's agents in the past week.

The canvassers also hand in leaflets setting out particulars of a scheme to supply Christmas fare to families at exceptionally low prices and on a weekly payment system.

The bargains, it is stated, can be offered at such low rates by the development during recent months of a large-scale scheme of co-operative breeding and buying of turkeys and other poultry and all kinds of farm produce.

Next day the agent returns to book an order. He requires a minimum deposit of five shillings, for which a receipt is given on a form bearing the name of Grimdale and Co. It is then announced that he will make regular calls in the next few weeks during which the balance owing on the Christmas order will be collected by instalments.

Those who have already parted with money to the representatives of Grimdale and Co. may regard it as lost, and should make the facts known to the police.

H. D. Grimdale and Co. is, in fact, only an *alias* for a swindler whose real name is Richard Dawson, but whose record is a catalogue of fictitious names.

He becomes particularly active in the weeks before Christmas, but the fraud he and his gang are now carrying out on householders is a new departure.

Previously he has specialised in obtaining bulk supplies of produce from farmers on credit and disposing of them to shopkeepers at considerably below their real value. Never have the farmers who trusted him been paid.

He is just one trickster now active. We shall tell you about others.

TERRIBLE ARREST BLUNDER

THE magistrates at Stratford, London, E., a few days ago dismissed a charge of theft made against Mr. Robert Hanscombe, of Northcote Road, Walthamstow.

The charge was such a trumpery one that no publicity has been given to the proceedings. But there are circumstances attending the case which JOHN BULL considers desirable to make known.

Mr. Hanscombe, a citizen whose character has always been beyond suspicion, was accused of stealing a wooden dresser worth a few shillings. He contended that the piece of furniture, which he took away with him on removing to his present home, had been given to him by his previous landlord.

Without the slightest hesitation the magistrates acquitted him.

* * *

Our purpose in referring to the case at all is to disclose the extraordinary manner in which Mr. Hanscombe was brought to the dock.

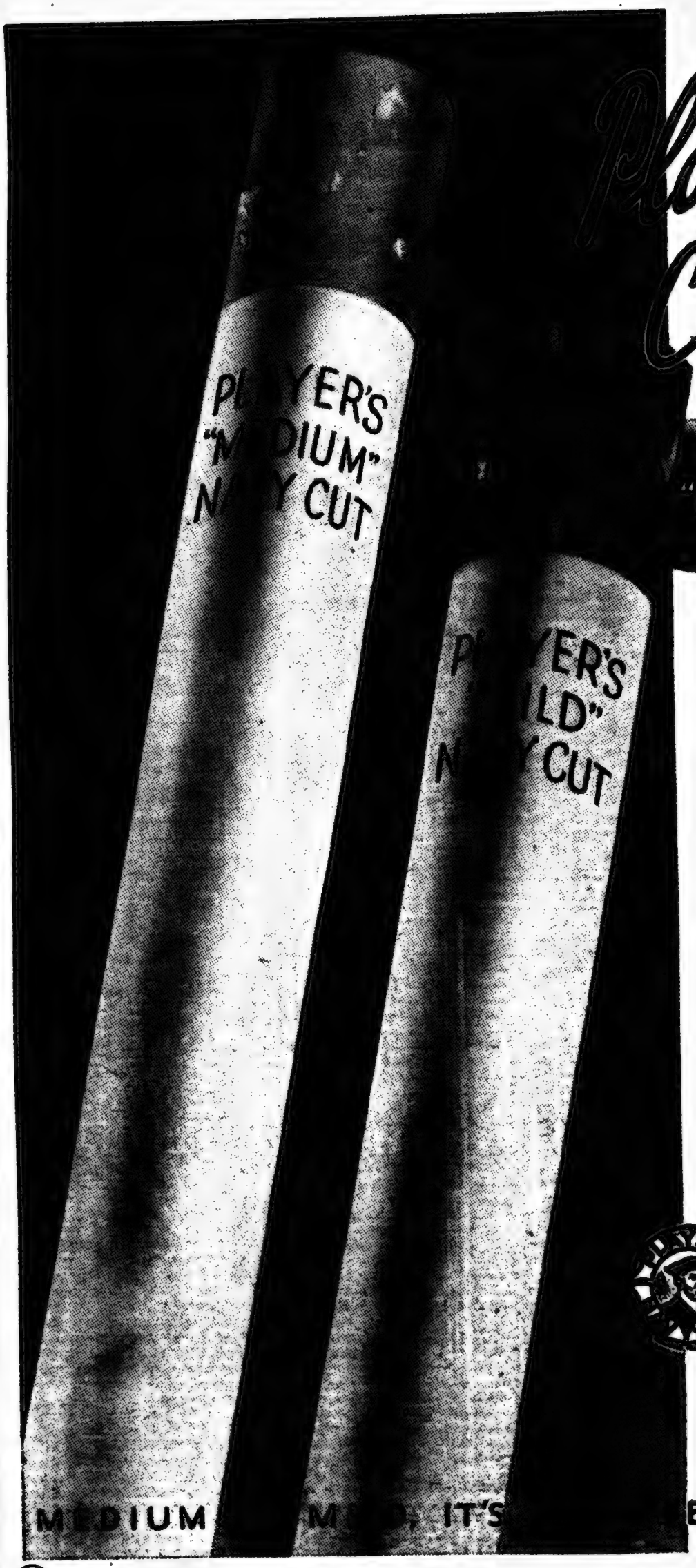
Obviously, even if the charge had been well-founded, the prosecution should have been conducted by way of summons.

Instead, an arrest warrant was issued. *And he was taken into custody by police officers at his place of employment, although his home address was known to the authorities.*

He was marched through the streets to the police station, had his finger-prints taken, and was placed in a cell.

The arrest in the public view of persons charged with petty offences is a procedure which cannot be countenanced. The matter becomes graver still when these arrests are effected at workplaces, when, even if they are necessary, they could be carried out at the homes of the persons concerned.

A general instruction by the Home Secretary to Chief Constables on the subject is clearly necessary.



Player's Cork-tipped

"MEDIUM" OR "MILD"

Did you know that you can now buy your Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes with cork tips? Whether you favour "Medium" or "Mild" you can buy both varieties in *cork-tipped* form — make a note of it.

10 FOR 6D — 20 FOR 11½D

MEDIUM MILD; IT'S BACCO THAT COUNTS

Six Famous People Plan for Peace

Though we have kept Remembrance Day for nineteen years, war clouds still gather. "How would you plan for peace?" we asked six celebrities. Their views here in some cases differ profoundly, though each seeks the same goal. Who are the realists? . . .

by SIR ROGER KEYES

With a Powerful British Navy

AFTER the Great War, it was hoped that world peace would be ensured by collective action on the part of the League of Nations, and Great Britain proceeded to disarm herself in the vain hope that other nations would follow her example.

Since practically the whole burden of a war—which may result from the collective action of the nations still within the League, as now constituted, against the aggressive nations outside it—will undoubtedly fall upon the British Empire, *it would be well to follow the example of the United States and refrain from meddling in the affairs of other nations, unless British interests are involved.*

On the other hand, any action which may restrict the freedom of our sea communication through the Mediterranean or elsewhere, or menace British territories, must be resisted with all the force we possess if our great heritage is to survive in this troubled world.

JOHN BULL asks: "How would I ensure peace?" My reply is: To ensure peace for our Empire, a powerful Navy is necessary, equipped with the air force it needs to give naval security to our Overseas possessions and Dominions and the sea communications on which the very life of Great Britain depends. Also, an Army and Air Force of sufficient strength to protect our world-wide frontiers and oversea bases. A Territorial Army for home defence and a Home Defence Air Force second to none within striking distance of these shores.

Rowkeyes

by the DUCHESS OF ATHOLL

League with U.S.A.

IN 1914 no machinery existed for organising collective assistance to any country which might be attacked.

Since 1920, however, our country has been a member of the League of Nations, and a signatory to a Covenant, Article 16 of which requires the signatories to come to the aid of any member which is the victim of unprovoked aggression by refusing to trade with the aggressor or to assist him financially.

To-day the menaces to peace are far more obvious than in 1914. Powerful dictators hold sway who have shown scant respect for treaties, and have given proof of policies far more aggressive than any known in 1914.

Is anything so likely to restrain these as the knowledge beforehand that if they strike, anyhow in Europe, they will have to meet, on the part of the loyal members of the League, superior military and naval forces and vastly superior natural resources?

Mr. Eden has this summer said in reply to a question that the Government adhere to Annexe F of the Locarno Treaty. If they would make their adherence clear "beyond a peradventure," nothing would, I believe, do as much to rally other states members to the same firm resolve.

The recent speeches of President Roosevelt give hope of some co-operation in collective effort on the part of the United States. Through the resolute organisation of this before the clouds of war have broken, lies, I am convinced, our best chance of peace.

Katharine Atholl

by GEORGE LANSBURY

We Must Start Again

NINETEEN years have passed since the sirens and bells told us the Great War was ended. Each year, since November 11, 1918, we have met in solemn silence and for two minutes have recalled the ghastly horror and futility of that terrible period in the lives of all who are old enough to remember it.

Now we are facing the possibility of another upheaval. The war of 1914-18 has left the world safe for dictatorship, more war and barbarism.

We pacifists, who under all circumstances are opposed to war, claim that experience proves we are right. There is no room for argument about collective force and massed armaments, because everyone admits that war force, however applied, never creates peace. Our policy is not one of mere negation.

No nation has tried our way. Imperialism, domination, great possessions have never brought the joy of peace and security either to victors or vanquished. The condition of the world to-day—and not theoretical disputations—proves this.

Mankind must start afresh. Great Britain, greatest of all imperial nations, must join with the United States in a great endeavour to bring the world to realism—a realism based on collective justice, a justice which means co-operation in service and sharing the world and its resources and markets with each other.

The advantage of calling such a conference at this moment would be that the minds of statesmen would be turned to the one question that matters—"How can we unite to get rid of the causes of war?"—instead of discussing how to destroy each other.

George Lansbury

by Maj.-General J. F. C. FULLER

By Being Prepared for War

THIS is an age of violent ideals; therefore I would get back to reality, and cease stirring up this hornets' nest. To me the world is not a society of budding angels, but of jealous, fearful and greedy men and women, who, above all things, need a breathing space wherein to think rationally.

Therefore I would *not* aim at abolishing war; instead, of restricting it, in order to gain the time essential for this thinking. I would get out of the League of Nations, which is a thieves' kitchen. I would base our international policy on our geographical position. We are of Europe, yet apart. Therefore I would see that Great Britain became the joker in the international political pack.

Who, in another war, is going to gain our support? That would be my secret. I would say to the nations: We are sick to death of your peace wranglings; therefore our fixed policy is to concentrate on our own interests. We intend to shun all alliances, because we trust none of you—democrats or autocrats. *We intend to build up a most formidable instrument of war and keep it in our pocket.*

If you can't see your way towards playing an honest game and start pulling your guns, we shall pull ours; but whom we shall fire at is our secret. Park your derringers and you need fear nothing from us. Unpark them, and, so far as we are concerned, one of you will be put on the spot. That's realism!

J. F. C. Fuller

by Viscountess SNOWDEN

Justice to All

COLLECTIVE action must be directed towards securing justice to those nations which feel themselves wronged. There can be no peace without justice.

But because at present the League is not in great favour, I would accept and encourage a conference of any group of nations willing to meet to consider the issues of peace.

And no differences of opinion about political systems should be allowed to block the way. *There can be no international peace whilst there is political or class war.* I should prefer the British Empire to give the lead, in partnership, if that be possible, with the United States.

These two democratic Commonwealths should meet, preferably at Versailles, and after expressing good will to all other nations, invite them to join a conference on the basis of a serious practical attempt to solve the problems of the dissatisfied countries.

They should offer: (1) To wipe out the offensive clauses of the Treaty of Versailles; (2) to revise the other Treaties of Peace; (3) to consider sympathetically the question of colonies; (4) to consider with equal understanding questions of markets, tariffs, etc., with a view to increasing international trade.

But *absolute* disarmament for a long time to come will be impossible, for it is possible that minorities which set themselves against a world conception of justice, and regard their own narrower interests as being of supreme importance, might have to be coerced. Let us hope not.

Ethel Snowden

by LORD DAVIES

A World Police Force

HOW would I secure peace? The answer is simple. Through a voluntary society I would create a public opinion amongst the 90 per cent. which would demand that their Governments should combine to organise peace on the basis of justice for all.

This means the creation of at least two institutions as part of the permanent machinery of an international authority—an effective League of Nations.

The first is an Equity Tribunal, composed of impartial and disinterested persons, charged with the duty of investigating disputes which cannot be settled by negotiation or conciliation, and recommending a just, fair and equitable settlement, e.g., the dispute between Germany and ourselves about colonies.

Secondly, the establishment of an International Police Force, which, at the outset, might be confined to the air, to ensure that the settlements recommended by the Equity Tribunal, and endorsed by the Assembly of the League, are respected; and to protect the members of the League against invasion or aggression. If any member of the international authority were suddenly attacked, the International Police Force, equipped and supported by the 90 per cent., would go at once to its assistance, whilst financial and economic sanctions would also come into operation.

There is no other way of securing peace, and this is proved by actual experience in the development of every civilised community.

Davies

NOVEMBER 13, 1937

Truth About the Pools

JOHN BULL'S IMPARTIAL SURVEY

BEGINNING our investigations into the remarkable development of our times which maintains 4,000 pool-operating firms, attracts 6,000,000 regular small investors. Start now to find out the pitfalls, what your exact chances are—and how you can improve them

No. 1.—INDUSTRY THAT GREW OUT OF A BAN

by "POOLEX"

IF an instrument could be invented to register the mental activity of the nation, it would surely give one of its highest readings during that hour of Saturdays when football results are being made known.

Then some six million people, jointly responsible for many scores of millions of football forecasts, are feverishly engaged in comparing results as they are with results as they predicted they would be.

For the vast bulk of them, of course, there is disappointment. They write off their losses, usually quite small ones, and determine to try again next week.

Happier are the thousands successful in those pools in which smallish "dividends"—word beloved by pool promoters!—are paid.

They are never quite sure how happy they ought to feel, for whether they have won the price of a new umbrella or a new car depends on the number of co-winners with whom they will have to share.

Happiest of all, naturally, the comparatively few people who essayed long-shots, such as forecasting the results of twelve football matches, and found the near-impossible to be not entirely impossible.

There happen to be 531,441 different ways of filling in a twelve-forecast coupon. It's a matter of "the bigger the risk, the bigger the prize" in football pools.

Obviously, then, the winners of such pools as those think in terms of new houses rather than new cars and umbrellas. If they are optimists enough, they might even dream of life-long independence. Sometimes, realisation exceeds expectation.

X X X

One London working man, buying a Saturday night's paper early this year, found his long-shot in the "aways" pool had succeeded, and began to dream of a little "nest-egg."

On Monday morning he found he was £30,780 the better off for his luck and judgment.

That was one of the biggest pool prizes or "dividends" ever paid. Think of all the entries that have to go into a pool to make such a sum. But it left plenty of the nation's week-end pool money available for other people.

For just think of the scope attained by these football pools that have become such an outstanding feature of our national life.

There are more than thirty million "over 21's" in this country, and anybody who has reached the age of twenty-one and isn't barred as a defaulter is a client or possible client of one pool company or another.

The six millions of them who send in their coupons every week—that is a most modest estimate—invest no less than £750,000 on one afternoon's football matches.

Such statistics show not only that there is more money to be won in pools than the majority of people think, but that winning it isn't quite as easy as most of them seem to imagine.

It was out of the ashes of the old newspaper football competitions—do you remember them?—that this colossal industry grew.

Those competitions were declared illegal, you may recall. Millions of people who had grown to love the expectancy of looking forward to Saturday nights felt something of an empty void in their lives.

Many Members of Parliament said that that ban was no more likely to stop British people from having a flutter on football than the Prohibition laws of America were to stop people drinking.

You may judge yourself the truth of that. Anyhow, the bookmakers stepped into a clear field.

Their immediate problem was to give credit to all and sundry, since the Ready Money Football Betting Act did not ban football betting but only such betting where there was no account with the bookmaker.

But the racing punter offered them a solution of that. Used to doing his horse-race betting on a credit basis, which has been compulsory for years if you are away from the course, he had been betting on football as a sideline—also on credit.

Here was the germ of an idea. Why not offer one week's credit to everybody who wanted to bet on football, provided they were of age?

But why a football *pool* instead of fixed odds betting? Well, don't you remember how the "tote" had seized the imagination of the stay-at-home punter and how, reading of surprisingly big dividends paid on winning outsiders, he began to wish he could get a chance at the new kind of betting?

Yet, again, the law stipulated that such credit bets would have to be posted. All to the good, seeing that when a man sent his last week's losses it was only human nature that he should attach to it another effort to win.

X X X

There were vicissitudes, of course, in getting these huge pools through their teething stage. It wasn't all as easy as it seems now. The football authorities stirred themselves against the whole system.

Do you remember how they decided to keep all fixtures secret until it was too late for football coupons to be sent out? The pool people made slight alterations to their arrangements, and the wrath of millions of football fans fell on the heads of the football authorities.

Then a Member of the House of Commons introduced a Bill to suppress the pools. It was rejected by a huge majority as "unjustifiable interference with private liberty."

And now—well, think of that total of £750,000 invested every Saturday. Bear in mind that there are more than 4,000 pool-operating firms in this country to-day. Scarcely a town of any size in the country is without one at least, although nine-tenths of the total business is done through a few big firms mainly in Liverpool and Scotland.

And as most of the total is made up of small bets—from 2s. to 3s. is the average weekly stake—think of the vastness and efficiency of the machinery behind the pools. That is the most staggering feature of them.

As soon as the evening papers are on the streets with Saturday night's football results, long before the B.B.C. announces them, the pool staffs are at work.

Size of staff doesn't matter. Nor does cost. Everything is bent to the all-important task of knowing the dividend by midnight or at least by the early hours of Sunday for publication in the Press on Monday morning.

X X X

The penny pools come first, with the fans, so I will deal with them first. One is known as the Results Pool: the other as the Points Pool.

In the former, which was the original of the penny pool, you are required to forecast the actual results of all the given matches.

Very well. You can fill in twelve results in 531,441 different ways. In other words, the odds against any single line winning are 531,440 to 1.

In one of the popular penny pools the average dividend declared last season was £1,250 for your penny. It seems tremendous. But not so tremendous when you realise that there are odds of half a million to one against you winning that prize.

But that is not meant in a carping spirit. Facts are facts. Later on I will try to show you how to have a shot at that prize with reasonable hopes of success.

The Points Pool is similar, except that points are awarded on the basis of one for a home win, two for an away win, three for a draw.

This interpretation, naturally, makes no difference at all if all your results are correct. If you can gain maximum points it doesn't matter how they are assessed. But the points method has the effect of increasing the other dividends.

One firm runs a fifteen-match pool of this kind, and last year it paid an average of £8,000 for a correct forecast. Big money? Yes, but the odds against any of your lines winning it are considerably in excess of 14,000,000 to 1.

In fact, you would have to send in 14,348,907 lines to make really sure. That would cost you £60,000—and would it be worth it for a prize averaging £8,000?

And so we get down to what I will call the "selective type" of pool, the ones in which the average dividends are smaller, and in which, therefore, you have a proportionately bigger chance of winning.

There are the "four away" (forecasting four away winners) and the "three draws" (forecasting three draws) pools. The principles are the same.

Taking the draws, the number occurring in the forty-four English League games each Saturday varied last season from a maximum of sixteen to a minimum of four, with an average of ten per week.

X X X

The more there are the smaller the dividend you will get if you win. Naturally, a lot depends on the number of matches from which you are allowed to make your choice.

You are going to get substantially bigger dividends if you can name four away winners, but the chances against you bringing it off are proportionately smaller.

Always remember how much depends on the number of matches from which you are allowed to make your choice. (That means all the difference between a win being easy and something of a miracle.)

But let us examine some of the other pools. You are invited to forecast a certain number of home wins, away wins or draws, and it seems quite easy.

There is the five-results pool, so called because you must give five results from a short list of ten or twelve.

It is an attractive pool, because there are few matches to be forecast. But also there are few matches to be forecast *from*. Therefore the dividends are relatively high.

Remember that the games from which you can choose are selected by experts employed by the promoters. And they are keener judges than you of football form. They have a lynx eye for surprises. Their job is to make the subsequent dividend as high as possible.

Then there are the more or less "novelty" pools, some of which are short-lived, others of which become deservedly popular.

For instance, you are asked to name a number of teams that will fail to win at home.

Here you may think is your chance to make a bit of money by giving your vote against all those home teams that have always lost when you have forecast them to win. But, unfortunately, the coupon compilers have thought of that as well—and haven't we said that they've got a

GOAL !—and six million pe

GOAL ?—and six million people *can* be wrong !

your choice. (That means all the difference between a win being easy and something of a miracle.)

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Here you may think is your chance to make a bit of money by giving your vote against all those home teams that have always lost when you have forecast them to win. But, unfortunately, the coupon compilers have thought of that as well—and haven't we said that they've got a keener eye for surprises than you will ever have?

Yet a new idea this year.

Nine home teams are paired with nine away teams—but they are not playing each other. You take each pair allotted and forecast (1) whether the home team will score most; (2) whether the away team will score most, or (x) whether home and away will score the same number.

Well, new ideas are always welcome!

X X X

There is no point in our disguising the fact that we want you to know that chance is a colossal factor. Yet relying on luck alone doesn't pay any more than relying on form alone.

Perhaps common-sense is more important than anything.

That suggests I am leading up to the perfect system, but I am not. There isn't one. Some systems have fair prospects of success. Many of them are far too complicated. The majority are far too expensive.

Some are less likely to win than the trick of closing your eyes and stabbing with a pin. In fact, stabbers do far better than some systemites.

The infallible system hasn't been discovered. When it has, pools will die within a week.

But give a wide berth to any system, or any tipping that "shows a profit" every week.

Never follow any idea that doesn't seem to be founded on sound principles. Never give a second look at any system that costs more in time or money than you can afford to spend without a tremor of the eyelid.

And never, never believe that anybody living can give you every result. The idea is absurd.

One goal in a game of football means victory. One goal may depend on a puff of wind, a foot one side or the other of a goalpost. Something nobody in the world can forecast.

Remember, too, that a large number of results every week are dead against the run of the play.

For that reason, if for no other, never pin your entire faith to any newspaper forecast. This applies equally to my "Graded Guide" (introduced this week on page 38). I shouldn't think much of your football judgment if you followed me blindly.

If any Press forecaster *did* hit on the actual results, and he was widely enough followed, have you ever thought that the dividends would hardly be worth the handling?

If *you* personally can give one result out of every three matches you are either very lucky or very skilful.

On the average, last season, football forecasters were correct with half the results on penny pool matches—which are matches specially selected in view of the possibility of surprises. That is very good going.

On average—and I kept careful note last year—seven out of ten of their home forecasts proved correct. Not at all bad.

Do you wish they did better? Well, one Saturday last season they did. All the home certainties turned up. And the result on one of the bigger eight-results pools was—a dividend of 2s. for each 1s. stake!

In a preliminary survey such as this, it is clearly impossible to tell you what is worth trying, what should most definitely be avoided, and to deal with all the various points of doubt or difficulty which the pool punter encounters.

That will come later.

In the meantime, there is this in praise of pools:

If people must gamble, gambling in cold blood is the form least likely to lead to serious trouble. The man who will risk his week's wages on the spin of a coin is not likely to be interested in odds of fourteen million to one.

The majority of people who have a flutter on football only do so to give themselves a real, practical interest in Saturday's football.

If, in the next few weeks, I can help to make that interest more profitable for JOHN BULL readers in particular, I shall be satisfied.

Now see Graded Football Guide on page 38.

Next Week :

"I've Got a Method"

FICTION CHARACTERS in REAL LIFE

Valentine Williams Meets—

Sapper's Bulldog Drummond

He is Sir Galahad, a rescuer of damsels in distress . . .

Famous writers will depict for you real-life personalities who have irresistibly reminded them of celebrated characters in books. Here is entirely new reading for every fiction-lover! Valentine Williams, himself the creator of "Clubfoot," shows how he has met in his varied travels more than one Englishman with the dare-devil spirit of adventure, the personal courage, and the uncompromising attitude towards villainy that distinguish "Sapper's" hero.

IT has always seemed to me that the strong appeal of the Bulldog Drummond stories is due to the fact that the leading character is endowed with just those attributes which commend themselves in a peculiar way to our race.

Hugh Drummond is of Corinthian mould, amateur heavy-weight and patron of "the fancy," a sportsman and a gentleman. The most law-abiding people in the world, in fiction we like our heroes to have a dash of the harum-scarum in them, and Bulldog Drummond is all that, and a bit of a rebel against the established order to boot.

He woos adventure for adventure's sake; in the presence of danger he is blithe, quick-witted, resourceful—he matches his foes, brains for brains. He is a hero to his soldier servant, to his friends a natural leader who assumes command with a slightly patronising air.

He is Sir Galahad, a rescuer of distressed damsels: women in his eyes are weak vessels in need of protection.

We are thrilled by his versatility. He can break a man's neck with his bare hands; he is a crack pistol shot and the master of such useful, if somewhat Boy-Scoutish arts as tracking and jiu-jitsu.

He has a passion for under-statement and general allusiveness of speech. The war is "the recent unpleasantness," a club "a pothouse," a drink "quaffing a goblet."

In depicting him, my friend "Sapper," himself almost the sealed pattern of British regular officer of the best pre-war kind, was idealising a type. Since authorship is largely what the psycho-analysts call wish-fulfilment, in plunging his hero into a series of blood-curdling adventures, "Sapper" was fulfilling his own unsated desire for deeds of derring-do that had never come his way.

My point is that there are, have always been, and will always be Britons who deliberately seek out lives of adventure.

★ ★ ★

I have met them, and I know.

Ever since the Crusades these islands have produced men of this breed. Gentleman adventurers of the stamp of Sir John Frobisher, Richard Grenville and Philip Sidney have strewn the continent of Europe, as far afield as Muscovy, with their bones.

The fantastic career of Sir Richard Burton, Orientalist and explorer, who risked his life to make the Mecca pilgrimage, is paralleled by the legendary exploits of Lawrence of Arabia. Such men have Drummond's restless spirit that found inaction "incredibly tedious" and declared excitement "essential," the same high temper of the soul and exaltation in the face of danger.

One may say of any of them, as "Sapper" wrote of his hero, "As nearly as a man may be, he was without fear"; in different circumstances I can picture any representative of the type launching himself upon some hare-brained quest for fun and meeting the ensuing perils with Drummond's air of gaiety.

The Secret Service has always appealed to men of this brand. There was that strange figure, the late Captain Bertrand Stewart, whose adventures as a British agent in pre-war Germany have never been written because the best Secret Service stories are those which are never told.

Stewart was a solicitor who, as a Yeomanry officer, was an enthusiastic amateur soldier. It was at a period, a few years before the war, when we had at last aroused ourselves to the fact that the British Isles were spread with a network of German spies and had taken counter-measures. The Liberal Government was grudging with funds, but a small staff of professional Intelligence officers, each an expert in his line, and working under a master organiser, contrived to keep the Admiralty informed of German naval activities. It speaks volumes for the efficiency of this band of agents that none was ever caught.

Espionage fascinated Stewart. He was a man of high courage, a romantic character, a modern knight errant, the distressed damsel in his case being Britannia beset by secret foes. His private means were sufficient to allow him to indulge his passion for the thrill it afforded him.

Secret Service is a hard-boiled business and our Intelligence people looked askance at Stewart—he was too sensational in his methods for them. Disguise is much more rarely employed in Secret Service work than is commonly imagined, and Stewart excited the ribald mirth of the office by turning up in a wig and grease paint.

But he was determined to serve. A moment of acute crisis gave him his opportunity. Germany, to test the strength of our entente cordiale with France, despatched the *Panther* to Agadir, thus challenging the French position in Morocco. Peace trembled in the balance and German Fleet movements became a matter of vital importance.

★ ★ ★

Stewart's fatal zeal destroyed him. On a trip to the German North Sea ports, all unwittingly he walked into a trap which had been laid and suitably baited for him through the agency of a notorious "double cross," who operated an espionage bureau at Brussels. He was arrested and in February, 1912, sentenced by the Imperial Court to three and a half years' detention in a fortress.

The Kaiser amnestied him on the occasion of King George V's State visit to Germany two years later. Stewart returned to England an embittered man—he considered that he had been let down. Then the war came. He was one of the first to volunteer for active service and departed for the front, thus fulfilling the hope he voiced at his trial—namely, that, as he told his German judge, if war should ever break out between his country and theirs, he might be found fighting in the British ranks.

Bertrand Stewart was not the type that comes out of war alive. He was killed in action in the first few months, serving as Intelligence Officer with the cavalry in France, after distinguishing himself by the reckless courage he displayed on reconnaissance behind the enemy lines. The annual prize he founded in his will for the best essay written by a serving officer on the subject of "Intelligence" perpetuates the memory of a gallant, if bizarre, Englishman.

All the men of the Bulldog Drummond stamp I have known have the same sort of eyes, usually blue and very bright, with steady gaze.

The last man I saw with these eyes was one I noticed watching the dancers at a fashionable London dance club a few months back. A tall, handsome fellow, well-groomed and debonair, with

(Continued on page 28)

Buy yourself a GOOD Pen

—a VISOFIL or LEVERLESS

Swan Pen

UNEQUALLED for long life and complete dependability, Swan offer the world's two most modern pens. The VISOFIL ('Big-fill') holds more ink and shows when to refill and the LEVERLESS ('Quick-fill') is second to none for speed and simplicity in filling.

Prices—The Visofil ('Big-fill') Swan, 25/-. The Leverless ('Quick-fill') Swan from 17/6. Side-lever Swans from 10/6. Blackbirds from 7/6. Pyne-Peynt Pencils from 5/-. All in black or colours. Of all Stationers and Jewellers. Made throughout in the British Isles by Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1, and Branches.

SHINING EYES—*lovely*

shiny nose-ugly

There's no excuse for shiny nose these days. You can keep your skin 'matt' and lovely all day and evening long if you use Snowfire Powder-Cream. A fragrant combination of cream and powder, it gives your skin the bloom of a peach. So becoming, so alluring. And how you save time and money spent on make-up when you use it! Five perfect skin tones—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire

POWDER-CREAM

"'CANTILEVER PRESSURE' THEY SAY! A GOOD JOB OF WORK IS WHAT THEY MEAN."

"'Cantilever pressure'! Something like the Forth Bridge, the man in the Showroom said. This is how *I* found out. I wanted to know whether an Acme could do a full family wash—including the blankets—without leaving me fagged out. Now I know. It *does* take blankets. It *is* easy to turn. It *does* store easily out of the way. And it does *not* squeeze the middle and leave the edges wet—that's 'cantilever pressure'! With the ACME I've got a first-class wringer-mangle which does all I ask of it in half the time, and when it isn't wanted it goes to bed out of the way in the kitchen cupboard."

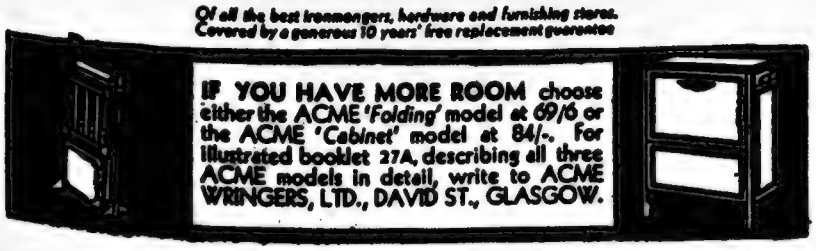
43- CASH 39-

ACME

10

PORTABLE WRINGER-MANGLE

Of all the best ironmongers, hardware and furnishing stores. Covered by a generous 10 years' free replacement guarantee



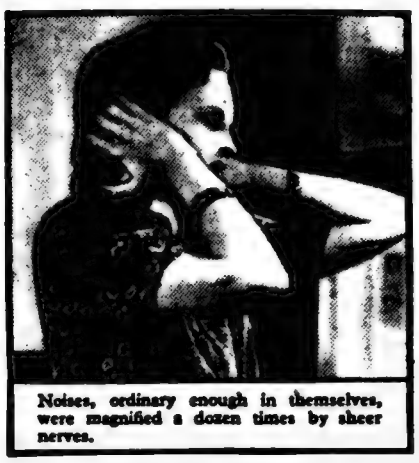
IF YOU HAVE MORE ROOM choose either the ACME *'Folding'* model at 69/6 or the ACME *'Cabinet'* model at 84/-. For illustrated booklet 27A, describing all three ACME models in detail, write to ACME WRINGERS, LTD., DAVID ST., GLASGOW.

CV3-28

None of those "Nervy" habits now...

She was always "nervy" at the office... uneasy when taking notes... couldn't translate when it came to typing...

She was "on edge" when she spoke on the 'phone... couldn't find the right word... got impatient....



Noises, ordinary enough in themselves, were magnified a dozen times by sheer nerves.

QUAKER OATS

with its nerve-nourishing VITAMIN B has made all the difference!

SHE smiles when she remembers how little things used to irritate her... how the 'phone and the noise nearly drove her frantic ... and those restless habits of hers, chewing her pencil, wrinkling her forehead. Just "nerves," of course, but "nerves," unpleasant enough in themselves, can lead to so many other things like indigestion, constipation, listlessness.

She can afford to smile now, for the "*nerve-nourishing*" Vitamin B in Quaker Oats has made a world of difference. Everyone needs a constant supply of the Tonic Vitamin—a new supply every day for it cannot be stored in the system. And the nicest way of getting it is in a delicious creamy hot Quaker Oats breakfast every morning.

40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d.

27A

WHY SOME CHILDREN THRIVE IN WINTER AND OTHERS DON'T

Most children are given cod liver oil as a winter tonic. But why do some children get real benefit from their cod liver oil, whilst others get little benefit?

NOWADAYS practically every careful mother gives her children a cod liver oil tonic in winter, to build their systems and so keep them safe from colds and epidemics.

Why is it, then, that some children really thrive on their cod liver oil and become strong, sturdy and proof against illness—whilst other children, who are also given cod liver oil, seem to get no good out of it and become pale, easily tired and often ill?

A famous Medical Research Body has discovered the answer: *the good your child gets out of cod liver oil depends upon how well he can digest it.*

"Only when cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion," says this Research Body, "can some children wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building protective goodness they need."

FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

1. Ordinary cod liver oil is often difficult for your child to digest. Most of it may pass straight through the child's system and be wasted.
2. Scotts Brand Emulsion is the most digestible form of cod liver oil. Within 30 minutes after taking a spoonful, *every drop* has gone to strengthen the child's whole body, particularly the chest and lungs.
3. Scott s Brand Emulsion actually *helps* your child's digestive juices. Thus it ensures that the body gets more nourishment out of food.
4. Scotts Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphites of lime and soda, to help still further in building up your child's bones and teeth.

Next time you are buying a cod liver oil tonic for your children remember that *only* Scotts Brand Emulsion has these advantages.

A careful mother—but was she careful enough?

"I think I can say I'm a careful mother," writes a Finchley lady. "Regularly every winter I give my little girl a cod liver oil tonic. But up till last winter she kept catching colds, had little appetite, didn't gain weight properly and always looked tired and peaky.

"Then last winter, just as an experiment, I changed her over to Scotts Brand Emulsion. What a difference! Before two weeks had passed she was gaining weight like a champion, her appetite improved, she looked much better, and I don't think she caught cold all winter."

Continuing

SAPPER'S BULLDOG DRUMMOND

a quiet manner, there was nothing to distinguish him from any ordinary man about town—except his eyes. It was by his eyes I knew him again, although he is not the sort of man people forget, especially not women.

We had come across one another in odd places over a term of years.

Beyond the fact that he was an Army man, I knew very little about him, until someone confided to me that he had been in the British Intelligence in Ireland during the Sinn Fein rebellion and had had a career of unimaginable risk in the merciless underground warfare which the rebels waged against the British Secret Service.

The Drummond type.

The World War gave the breed its opportunity. There was the mysterious Briton who, camouflaged to the last button as a Prussian officer and speaking German without an accent, served throughout the war on the staff of a German infantry division and appeared in British uniform for the first time at the Armistice negotiations at Spa.

Personally, I can think of no higher test of nerve than the risk of exposure and the inevitable firing platoon which this unsung hero faced unflinchingly every hour of every day for more than four unending years.

Then there was that astonishing knight-errant, Bernard Freyberg, who as I have heard, came over in an oil-tanker from New Zealand to join up.

After distinguishing himself in the Dardanelles with the Naval Division, he showed such natural military talents in his dispositions for attacking a fortified village in the Battle of the Somme that he was given immediate promotion and finished the war as a General with the Victoria Cross, the D.S.O. and two bars, nine wound stripes, and six "mentions." The sort of fellow who would get after Carl Peterson with all Drummond's zest, I would say!

★ ★ ★

Bulldog Drummond's gifts of leadership, his love of adventure, his versatility, and, above all, his charmed life, recall a brother officer of mine in the Irish Guards during the war, the famous "Alex," otherwise the Hon. H. R. Alexander, who has just capped a meteoric military career by becoming, at the age of forty-five, one of the youngest Major-Generals in the British Army.

A good all-round athlete, a fine horseman and a first-class regimental officer, the men worshipped him, not only as one born to command but also for the fact that he could dance an Irish jig with the best of them and possessed an apparently inexhaustible repertoire of traditional Irish songs which he rendered on that difficult instrument, the accordeon

At the age of twenty-four, he was the youngest battalion commander in France, and no sooner were hostilities at an end than he was off in quest of fresh excitement, which he ultimately found in the task of organising and leading the Baltic Landwehr against the Bolsheviks.

★ ★ ★

Since then he has taken the Irish Guards out to Constantinople, and, in command of a division on the North-West frontier of India, has seen heavy tribal fighting.

He reminds me of Alan Breck, the "bonny fechter" of R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped." I recollect coming across him at the head of his battalion in the thick of the Guards Division attack in the Battle of the Somme, when men were dropping all about us.

His smile under the Russian-peaked service cap he affected was as infectious as ever, his tone as usual drawling and faintly amused—I remember, he even chaffed me about the telescope I was carrying.

Few men can have seen so much fighting without receiving a serious wound.

He was with the Irish Guards in every engagement in which they took part in the war, except the affair at the Cuinchy Brickstacks in 1915, and the final advance of 1918, that is to say, Mons and the Retreat the Marne, the Aisne, First Ypres, Loos, The Somme, Passchendaele, Cambrai, and the German offensives on the Somme and in Flanders in 1918.

Actually, not counting raids and the like, he went over the top ten times.

Another such as Drummond for courage, the aptitude for command, and a diversity of talents, though of a much more spiritual type, was my dear friend, the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer. He had the heart of a lion, but the soul of a dreamer; like a lion in its cage, he seemed to pace restlessly behind the bars of civilised life.

The unending Antarctic whiteness was reflected in his eyes; members of his staff who had sailed with him on all his expeditions told me how his glance would brighten, an air of peace steal over him, at the sight of the first iceberg.

Like an old Roman he had steeled himself to meet the rebuffs of Fate. He needed all his courage in the forty-eight years of his life.

His activity was cramped by financial trouble, not all of which was of his making; he faced up to these disasters as stoutly as when, on his 1914-1917 expedition, his ship, the *Endurance*, was crushed in the ice and he and twenty-seven companions drifted for 457 days on a floe.

The end of the adventure was epic, when Shackleton, taking five picked men, set out on a journey of 750 miles to South Georgia in a 22-ft. boat to find a rescue ship.

His faith and courage alone brought the party through; he chaffed them, cheered them, cursed them, recited verses to them (which he could do very beautifully). But men of the Shackleton brand are only happy when they are cheating death.

Bulldog Drummond exists because all our fine national traditions exist, because there are still daddies and mummies in England to thrill small boys with tales of Sir Galahad, and Sir Philip Sidney, and the dying Nelson, and Captain Scott and his companion, Oates, that very gallant gentleman. The novelist may draw his inspiration also, from real life, but fiction, as well as fact, moulds the national character.

My Handicap—How I Overcame it

BLIND GIRL WINS UNIVERSITY HONOURS

BLIND from the age of eleven months, Miss Ruth Mary Hitchcock, now aged twenty, has scored a great triumph at Newnham College, Cambridge.

She was alone among the women to obtain honours in Part I of the theological tripos examination.

Here is the personal story of this brilliant young scholar who has triumphed over the greatest handicap in life—blindness.

* * *

This is my second year at Newnham College, and I am happy in devoting myself to my studies.

When young, life did at times seem difficult, but there was happiness at home and good friends at the special school to which I was sent.

At fourteen I was successful in the school piano examination of the Royal Academy of Music.

I spent happy years at Chorley Wood College for the Blind, and in 1934 I took the open scholarship examination for Girton and Newnham. I was offered a place in both colleges, but chose Newnham.

I was fortunate, too, in gaining the first theological scholarship ever given to a woman at Cambridge.

This is a compliment to the good friends who helped me with my studies. I read a great deal in Braille, but coaches and fellow-students read to me, and that is a great help.

I took theology because I have always been interested in religious matters. When I finish at Cambridge I hope to do coaching in theological subjects, or maybe find an opening in missionary work.

No, I have no wish to take Orders. I know there has been a movement to secure the admission of women to the Church, but I do not think that women's place is there.

I think that life is to a great extent what you make it. One has to keep plodding on, and the will to get through counts a great deal.

Certainly I have no time to feel dull. There are lectures, debates and concerts. Also walks in the country and the song of birds—music full of hope and cheeriness.

Life is, of course, made wonderful by the kindness of parents, friends and tutors. I only hope to deserve such kindness.

NEXT WEEK

C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne — *Victor MacClure*

"HE only wanted a peaked ginger beard and a flashing moustache to be Captain Kettle in the flesh," says Mr MacClure, the well-known novelist and traveller, graphically describing a certain sea captain whom he met while voyaging round the Spanish coast.

"But my Captain Kettle is a built-up character," writes his famous creator, Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, in a letter to JOHN BULL, "though a whole host of people have claimed to be his original. He is, in fact, entirely synthetic."

Mr. MacClure's study, in next week's JOHN BULL, of the "little red captain" whom he met, and whose personality he describes wittily and delightfully, shows how fact can equal fiction, not only in the field of adventure and romance but on the plane of human character as well.

Captain Kettle

HELP YOURSELF

Help yourself to better health by drinking regularly each day a glass of Sandeman Port. Ask for Sandeman by name because then you'll be sure of obtaining not only a very good wine but the best possible value for money.

SANDEMAN PORT

EXT
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Victor MacClure

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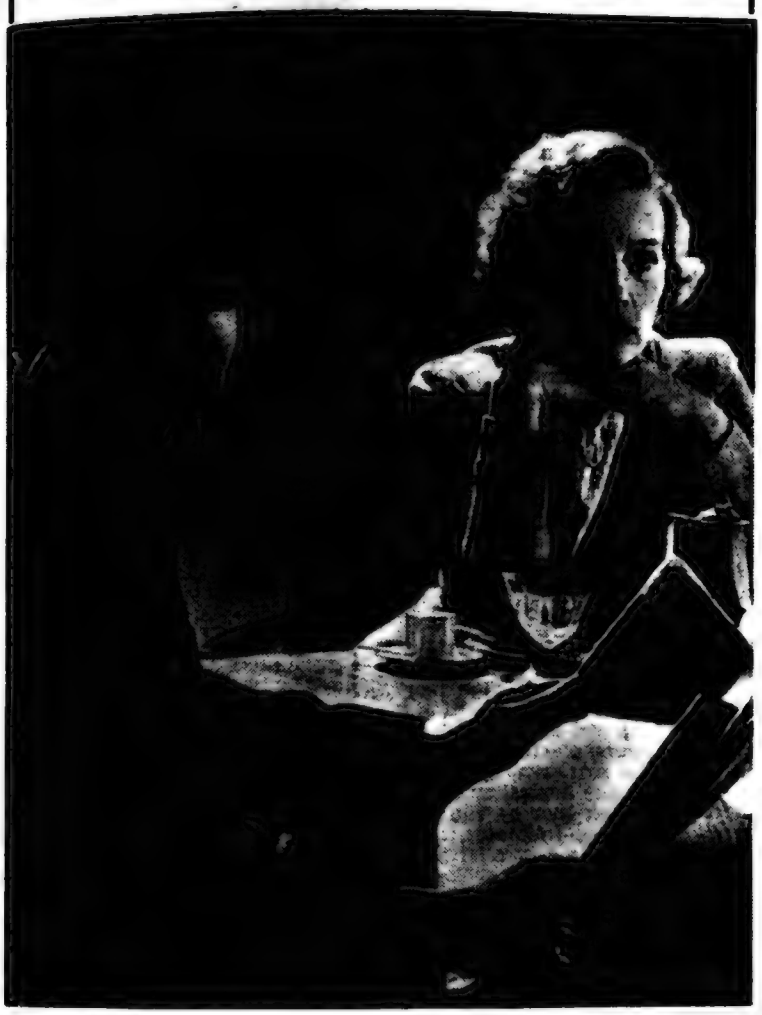
YOURSELF

Help yourself to better
health by drinking
regularly each day a
glass of Sandeman Port.
Ask for Sandeman by
name because then
you'll be sure of ob-
taining not only a very
good wine but the
best possible value for
money.

SANDEMAN
PORT

THE WINE OF LIFE *would change all that*



For the wife whose husband

no longer comes in

every night demanding

to be kissed . . . take Wincarnis. Reviving Wincarnis . . . to put an end to those days, and weeks, and months when the most companionable thing in the house is the radio. Strengthening Wincarnis . . . to tint your cheeks, and redden your lips, and light up your eyes. Rich, red, restoring Wincarnis, the tonic wine with nourishment and vitality in it, and active vitamins . . . to prove to you that life is for living, and marriage a rhapsody.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE . . . 3/3
or Champagne-Quart Size . . 5/6

BETWEEN YOU AND COLD!
NIPITS
1/- PKTS 3D

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LASTING RELIEF!

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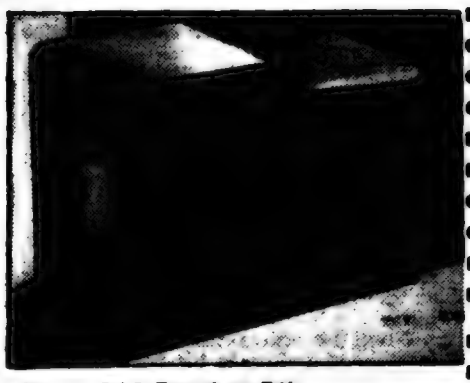

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Romford: 18 Station Parade, Victoria Road
Sittingbourne: Trott's Hall, Bell Road Tel: 188
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Ipswich: 12 Crown Street Tel: 2639
Leicester: Charles St., Humberstone Gate Tel: 65573
Mansfield: 18 Market Place Tel: 828
Norwich: 2 Redwell Street Tel: 2912
Nottingham: 20 Milton Street Tel: 3436
Oxford: 185 Cowley Road Tel: 2912
Retford: Myrtle Street Tel: 119
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To Rentals R.A.P. Ltd.
183 Regent St. London, or nearest depot.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET on RENTING R.A.P.

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Note: No battery models available.

U.K./B

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED BY RADIO

Professor Hilton, on November 19th, 1936, from the B.B.C. broadcast a warning. The warning was to the effect that while there are many really good and reliable Colleges teaching by correspondence, there are many others which are colleges by name only. He said some so-called colleges rented a couple of rooms in a large building in a well-known street. Some made great promises which they did not intend to fulfil. Some claimed successes they could not prove. In some cases the names of prominent men were quoted who were in no way connected with the working of the College.

NOW BE ADVISED BY ME

The top name of a College is no proof of its national standing. The Bennett College has been established over 30 years and our entire building is devoted to Bennett College work. No other business of any kind is either on or attached to the Bennett College. We have seating accommodation for over 10,000. We have a permanent staff of over 100 people on the College premises. Our Professional Staff have all passed their examinations, and our tutors are all experts in their own specialised work. We do not send out any homework to be corrected by tired, spare time tutors. All students' homework is corrected on the College premises the same day that it arrives, and is returned by evening post. This College is Technical, Scientific, General and Commercial, thus enabling us to cater for all requirements; this is important to Cost and Works Accountants, and all who have to deal with rate-fixing, machine-allowance, and it is also of great importance in many of the Civil Service Examinations. This is an entirely British College. Most of our textbooks are written on the College premises by our professional staff, especially for tutorial purposes. Our tutors specialise in teaching students for the examinations they themselves have already passed.

THERE IS NO OTHER COLLEGE IN THIS KINGDOM THAT CAN CLAIM ALL THE ABOVE ADVANTAGES

It is not necessary for students to attend the College; we can send exactly the same tuition to you by post for a reasonable fee payable monthly. Anyone who reads the journals knows that there are many things advertised that one can study, and any kind of study is good. It is training for the brain, but the best thing to study, surely, is a course specially prepared to teach your own vocation, or prepare you for the examination which you have in view. Knowing that you are master of your job gives you self-confidence and personality, but a Diploma from a College is absolute proof of your efficiency. We have agencies in all English-speaking corners of the world. The nature of our business makes us keep in touch with employment requirements in all parts of the world, therefore we specialise in preparing students for the good positions which we know exist, and for all worth-while examinations.

We are prepared to produce on demand over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from successful students, or in default we will hand over £100 to charity.

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If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is not decided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

Let me tell you how to make a success of your career.

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DETECTIVES with a DIFFERENCE—

CRIME at Grand Hotel

by Stanley Bishop

. . . she was crying dementedly over the body of a man . . .

WHEN we first became acquainted, he used to watch the Channel steamers in and out of Calais Harbour.

Because of his fine size, you could not help but notice him in the throng of officials on the quay as the ship came alongside. He would take station by the gangway and scrutinise every person in the travelling crowd.

That was his job. As detective of the "Special Branch" of New Scotland Yard, attached to the port of Calais, he had to spot the crooks and undesirables crossing from and to England.

After two years he returned to duty at the "Yard." He guarded Cabinet Ministers. During the war he was Secret Service, with a period on the staff of the British Mission to the United States.

Now, although retired from the police, he is still looking for crooks and undesirables. In a very different atmosphere and in a different job, he runs over them in the same way as he did on Calais quay.

For he is the senior house detective to a group of London hotels. He is, indeed, the master hotel detective of the world.

He has a personality which takes him into any company. He meets royalties and rajahs; knows all the people who matter in the Society life of London—although they have no idea who he really is.

★ ★ ★

When I saw him last, a few days ago, he had grown robust with the years, and also more imposing. He fits a rich hotel as though the background were made for him.

When he enters the restaurant, led by a head waiter to his reserved table (from which the whole floor can be watched), people say: "Who is that distinguished-looking man?"

Nobody can be found to enlighten them, for those who can tell won't. A hotel detective must remain anonymous, except to the staff.

There are forty others of his craft in London. All the important hotels have their own private detectives. Claridges, the Savoy, the Dorchester, May Fair, Berkeley, Cumberland, Regent Palace, each with a detective office where the complex secrets of hotel life are unravelled for the mutual protection of the hotel companies and the guests.

Only ex-policemen of outstanding quality graduate into the hotel detective class. That is easily understandable. The average would not do. The men must merge into their surroundings.

Essence of their work is tact. It needs—as you can appreciate—a considerable amount of diplomacy to cut out an undesirable, seated with a party in a first-class restaurant, escort him into the vestibule without causing any disturbance, and then to tell him that his presence is not welcome.

Quite frequently that happens in every large hotel—the best not excepted.

I have seen this removal done to attract no attention whatever. A middle-aged Australian was entertaining several other overseas visitors, the party thoroughly merry. A page went to the table, spoke into the ear of the host. "Excuse me, sir, but there is an urgent call for you on the telephone."

Hovering in the rear was the hotel detective. He met the Australian at the restaurant door; took him by the arm as though they were intimates. An usher came up with the Australian's top hat and coat. The detective spoke his ultimatum to the man. Before he could protest he was out in the street.

Later the detective made apologies to the party without a host. "Mr. —— asks me to say how terribly sorry he is, but a relative of his met with a car accident and is in hospital. Your friend was summoned there, and won't be able to get back. It is unfortunate."

The Australian, I learned afterwards, was a notorious confidence trickster. The detective, who carries an hotel rogues' gallery in his memory, recognised him, and immediately had the fellow removed.

So effective is the detective service of the principal London hotels that certain crimes—thefts from bedrooms, cloak-room robberies, pocket picking in the lobbies and such-like business—have practically ceased.

Throughout the West End hotels in this past Coronation year there was not a single serious robbery, although there were hundreds of expert crooks looking for chances. The detectives won.

★ ★ ★

What hotels and restaurants, however, are suffering from at the present time is an annoying, continuous drain by cheque frauds. This business is worked by a diner, who entertains lavishly, and when the bill is presented calls for an open cheque book.

Difficult for a head waiter to refuse this cheque book service to a client who "seems all right." He has eaten and taken wine and so have his guests. He wishes to pay by cheque. If there was a gentle suggestion that a cheque is not acceptable, then the customer might raise no end of a rumpus. Besides, he might *really* be a good customer. So the cheque is taken—and comes back.

Losses to London hotels and restaurants in this way run to thousands of pounds in a season. Most of the hotels are not anxious to prosecute unless the case has been particularly glaring. They swallow their losses.

But the hotel detectives must remember these dud cheque merchants and bar their entry.

Recently an hotel detective caught a hardened cheque faker; took him into his private office and quite illegally—but justifiably—gave him what can be described as a thoroughly good beating up.

"Go away now and summon me for assault," said the detective to the young sponger. There was no summons.

There is—although hotel visitors do not realise it—a very complete interchange of information about themselves between hotels. The detectives have their own information bureau, compiled from their own records, with additional facts through trade enquiry channels, and also "under the rose" from the regular police.

"If," said an hotel detective to me, "I could show you our dossiers you would be amazed by their intimate thoroughness.

"Example: Mr. 'A' is a stranger to us. He has been staying in Paris, and intends coming to London. Well, before Mr. 'A' telegraphs here for a reservation, the hotels to which he is likely to apply know about him. They turn up the reports; find that he is sound from the financial side, but has little habits—some of them unfortunate—which need attention and care. Mr. 'A' arrives and we are prepared.

"When the summer run of American visitors to Europe is taking place, we get similar reports from hotels in New York, Chicago, Hollywood and a score of other cities. We reciprocate from our end."

Detective-inspectors from Scotland Yard and the Metropolitan divisions are always dropping in to see their unofficial colleagues of the hotels. They have a mutual aid society.

Bow Street, or Vine Street, tell the

(Continued on page 32)

Nightmare Hour

IT happened in the home of a bedridden invalid. What an hour of nightmare it was!

First, the sick woman was taken worse, and her husband, leaving his fifteen-year-old daughter, rushed out for the doctor.

The girl flew upstairs with a lighted taper. And then there came a rat-tat at the door, and in her hurry she failed to notice that she flicked the curtains with the flame.

Last shock of all came when a neighbour beat a tattoo on the door and said the curtains were blazing.

Fortunately, the bedridden invalid soon recovered from her attack.

Following that, we remitted to that family a cheque in respect of the damage to their household effects because they had sent us the form qualifying them for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

In our files, now, we have the letter of thanks from the sick woman. "You little know how great a service you have rendered to me and mine."

But we think we do. In fact, we want to extend that service to thousands more—to you. You will find the coupon on page 45.

IT'S PRETTY THICK!

Day after day—cold meat for supper. And mother doesn't know about Pan Yan! Can you wonder the family grumble? Pan Yan could put everything right. It makes cold meat taste delicious, and what's more, Pan Yan's specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs. That's how it keeps people happy—everyone knows that good temper starts in the stomach!

AN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

It should be *PRINTED* on the Plate!

THE REASONS WHY

1 **MUSTARD EXCITES APPETITE.** The fresh tang of Mustard on the palate makes your mouth water. It sets the salivary juices in action and the first stage of digestion is started at once. All later stages of digestion depend on this.

2 **MUSTARD SIMPLIFIES DIGESTION.** By breaking down rich, indigestible fats and breaking up the long fibres of lean, Mustard makes the task of digestion much simpler.

3 **MUSTARD QUICKENS DIGESTION.** Mustard stimulates the digestive juices of the system. The more generous the supply of these juices, the quicker and more complete is your proper digestion of food.

Mustard means Colman's all over the world.

Q. "Doctor, how can I keep my children free from Coughs and Colds?"

ANGIERS is the answer

The surest way to keep children healthy and robust in Winter time—able to go out in all weathers without any ill after-effects—is to build up their powers of resistance with 'Angiers.'

'Angiers' is endorsed by the medical profession and used in children's hospitals throughout the country. It is a soothing, pleasant emulsion, with unique tonic and building properties. For colds, coughs, whooping-cough, bronchitis and all chest affections, it is invaluable. If children are weakly and run-down after measles or a fever, 'Angiers' quickly restores strength and hastens recovery. For the child with a poor appetite and weak digestion, Angiers brand Emulsion is the ideal tonic because it soothes the digestive tract and helps the digestive process.

Children all like it and take it willingly. Let your child have it regularly during the winter months—it is unequalled for giving the extra strength and stamina needed at this time.

Of all Chemists 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

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Caravan, Fox Trot; *and* Toy Trumpet, Novelty Fox Trot MR2532
Hometown, Blues; *and* Stardust on the Moon, Fox Trot MR2528
It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane; *and* September in the Rain . . MR2530

REGAL ZONOPHONE 1/6

On Sale at all Dealers

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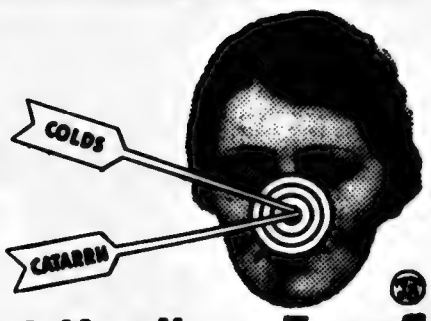

Is Your Nose a Target?

Is your Nose irritated? Is it choked with germ-laden mucus? Do you get constant Head Colds? Are you losing your senses of taste, smell, hearing? Are insidious Catarrh poisons getting the better of you? 'Mentholatum' enables you to STOP Catarrh where it starts. Clear your NOSE—and keep it clear—with 'Mentholatum'. This amazing breathable balm—when applied into the nostrils — volatilises instantly. Its super-active antiseptic vapours disperse choking mucus, rid your nose of germs, subdue inflammation, stop infection and open up stuffed breathing passages. 'Mentholatum' stays where it is put and keeps active for hours. It stops Head Colds overnight and even Chronic Catarrh yields to it! All Chemists 6d. & 1/3. Stops the attack or money back.

MENTHOLATUM BRAND BALM

If you want temporary relief, take your potions and purgatives. But to keep regular for all time, eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily. Serve with milk or cream. No cooking necessary. Within the body the soft "bulk" of ALL-BRAN gently exercises intestinal muscles, and *sponges out* the system. ALL-BRAN is rich in Vitamin B and iron, valuable tonic elements to tone up your system. All grocers sell it.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

The Natural Laxative Food

L30

FALSE TEETH
cleaned
without scrubbing

"a new polished appearance..."

"....it removes all mucus and stains on the denture, thus giving the denture a new polished appearance,"
writes Mr. J. H. A. M., of Kent.

STAINS REMOVED, COMFORT ASSURED, PLEASANT TASTE

Milton Denture Powder is the most efficient denture powder science can offer to date. It cleans false teeth in 20 minutes. Removes all stains and food particles. Surgically cleanses every nook and cranny. Makes the plate really comfortable.

MILTON
DENTURE POWDER
6 1- 19
Try a sixpenny tin

HORRIBLE COLDS

Don't endure them!

A streaming cold is both a misery and a danger to the victim and all around him. Never let one run its course. Nip it in the bud or cut it short with orange juice laced with Famel Syrup.

Famel differs entirely from ordinary mixtures; it contains soluble Lactocreosote, which is carried by the blood stream to the lungs and breathing passages, where it expels the dangerous germs that cause the trouble. It is recommended in famous medical journals and used in hospitals and sanatoria all over the world.

Amazing how quickly this wonderful prescription finishes off even the most stubborn and abominable colds, catarrh and coughs, freeing the breathing passages, clearing away mucus, expelling the harmful germs which, if neglected, threaten dangerous complications. (Have you noticed how often serious illness begins with a common cold?)

For children especially, a timely course of Famel Syrup will make all the difference to their well-being in winter. Remember, the lungs are the modern child's weak spot.

FAMEL
Brand
SYRUP

Goes to the ROOT of your COLD

Buy a bottle now from your chemist (1/6 or 3/-)—and be prepared.

Continuing

CRIME AT GRAND HOTEL

hotels in their area: "We are wanting a woman who has been posing as Lady B—— at Liverpool. She has done down all sorts of people. From one cotton broker she raised more than £1,000 by means of a trick. Likely she might come your way, into the hotel, and if she does, get on the 'blower.'"

Should any woman who answers the description of the fascinating and frail Lady B—— register at the hotel, the house detective is on her track at once. He is at the next table to her when she dines; is living in the suite across the corridor from her apartment.

The woman is under the strictest possible survey until suspicion is confirmed or allayed.

Never, unless it cannot possibly be avoided, is an arrest made in a fashionable hotel. Such a thing would horrify the management. "We cannot have the hotel name mixed up with this," the hotel detective is instructed. "Get the man outside; hand him over to the police there." And by arrangement with the local police it is done.

"Preserve the name of the hotel at all costs" is the permanent routine order for every hotel detective.

That is why the hotel detective hates tragedies, entirely, I fear, from a personal—not compassionate—point of view. A tragedy means an inquest and court publicity. If a suicide takes place in a hotel, the detective is made to think that the occurrence is rather a reflection on his watchfulness. The attitude of the company directors suggests that their detective should really have guessed in advance the intentions of the unfortunate man who shot himself, or the secrets of the grief-broken woman who took poison in circumstances so distressing.

Of course, there are cases when the hotel detective and members of the staff come into unavoidable newspaper limelight.

* * *

Late night of a torrid summer day; the weather tryingly oppressive; the great hotel full; the restaurant still busy. Suddenly the threatened storm breaks, the outside darkness vivid with the lightning flashes, thunder shattering the night, and the rain drumming incessant din.

A telephone rings in a ground-floor office; an urgency call for the hotel manager and the hotel detective. Taking lift, racing along corridor, they reached the entrance to the suite. A beautiful woman knelt near the open door. She was crying dementedly across the body of a man. He was shot. A little silver-handled revolver lay near.

Stark drama at midnight. What had happened? Work for the hotel detective; messages to Bow Street police and doctor. The woman, wife of the dead man, to look after—a host of immediate duties. Find out all about the affair; stop people from talking; save the news from spreading throughout the hotel.

The sequel came to all this with the famous trial at the Old Bailey, in which the woman was accused of murdering her husband. She was acquitted when the British jury heard her terrible story.

Anything dislodging the machinery of an hotel means a problem for the house detective. He is the man who bears the brunt of anything difficult. If, for example, a visitor decides to lock himself in a room and refuse to come out—and that happens far more commonly than you would think—the detective is the man who endeavours to persuade him, through the barred door, to be reasonable.

Should they have forced her door?

Should repeated persuasions meet refusal, decision must be taken what to do. Break in looks the simple way, but actually not so simple.

Because, assuming the person inside the room is mentally deranged, forcing the door may stimulate a suicide—a leap from a window or a poison draught.

A recent tragic event will be recalled; the death of the Countess of Cardigan in a fall through a seventh-storey window of a Strand hotel. For more than two days Lady Cardigan was locked in the bedroom of her suite. The hotel was then unaware of her real identity. Impossible, therefore, to communicate with relatives. I happen to know how hard the hotel detective tried to induce the poor lady to unlatch the door and allow the visit of a doctor. Without storming an entry he could have done no more than he did.

"Should we have forced the door?"—he still asks himself that question. The Countess of Cardigan chose to die. Would she have taken her terrible leap if the door had been forced upon the planned seclusion of her last hours? The inquest evidence showed that she endeavoured other ways to end life.

Generally speaking, the hotel rule with persons who have deliberately locked themselves in their apartments is not to force the door if the person inside gives the assurance that everything is all right, and that the reason for the locking is a desire to be undisturbed. Whichever way one looks at it, this dilemma of the locked door is not easy to solve.

Always peculiarities of conduct—even in the best-regulated hotels—crop up among visitors.

Only a short time ago, a man with ample luggage, judged by the number of the cases and their weight, arrived at an hotel in Mayfair—the name of which is world known. He booked a suite, ordered an elaborate dinner to be served in his sitting-room. When the table was laid and the dishes brought, the visitor, without warning, began to pelt the floor waiter with the food and the table articles.

He followed the frightened waiter into the corridor, continuing the fusillade. After which he proceeded to smash at doors and create the most unholy disturbance. The house detective had to lay the man out to quieten him, and, when he came to, his excuse for this outrageous conduct was this: "That waiter reminds me of my brother."

* * *

The man was permitted to remain in the hotel for the night, the detective placing a guard outside his rooms, and next day told to leave. He is a wealthy man, residing in the north of England, and is perfectly normal except for this irresistible antipathy to anyone who looks like "his brother." And the strangest part—he never had a brother.

Always the entrance doors of the great hotels are swinging. Each day brings a new influx of patrons. They come and go every hour of the twenty-four, the honourable and decent mixing with the dishonest and abnormal.

Watching them the whole time is the house detective, separating the good from the bad in his mind's eye, guarding the hotel, guarding the guests.

Next Week:
The Customs Detective

The Human Machine

FACING the MUSIC

ALTHOUGH the Human Machine is a very complicated piece of mechanism, its working is usually very simple. People's behaviour is rarely the result of the tangled motives that it may seem. To those who know how to look below the surface, who know where to find the real motives, behaviour is usually a very simple affair.

That is not to say that the explanation of behaviour is simple. Simple things often need more explanation than complicated things! Nevertheless, let us take just one instance to show how we really base our lives on simple motives when we think we are being extraordinarily complicated.

We tell a lie: we commit a fault and excuse ourselves with a long explanation of how the cause was really someone else: we become ill, and the doctor is quite unable to find any physical cause for our illness: or we drink too much, gamble too heavily, indulge too much in entertainments.

There is one simple explanation of all these forms of behaviour. We are "escaping." We are running away. We are refusing to face up to our problems. We are dodging the real world by trying to live in an unreal world of our own creating.

But we can never escape from ourselves. That is a thing few realise. We cannot dodge our own judgment. We cannot bluff ourselves. That is the fallacy and the danger of trying to "escape."

Mental health rests on our having the courage to face the music, on our ability to solve the problems life hands out, not on our skill in dodging them.

Race with "Silver Ring"

BACK-END

COMPETITION for the "hay-and-corn stakes" has begun in earnest. I noted recently that there were close upon 2,000 entries for one week's racing of six programmes. Backers are therefore advised to go slowly.

The Derby Cup presents a pretty problem, as so many of the horses are engaged in the Manchester November Handicap.

Weathervane will go for the Midlands' event and Joe Lawson's charge must have a good chance.

The selection for the Liverpool Autumn Cup is Latoi, and Daytona may take the Grosvenor Cup.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, November 11, to Wednesday, November 17.

R A K X U Z B 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: N98SMEU would read TAKE MY.

Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. KXT295 would read SONNA.

M/AE/38
"What with fog and frost the Winter months are pretty heavy going."
"You're right. But what a good thing it is that we have such a thing as Min Cream for clearing the skin of external grime and preventing Winter's polished persecution! Smooth polished faces beautifully dusted by the flakes. I really don't know how I should get along without a tin of 'Min' in the house."
MIN CREAM
1/3 6d. and 9/-

BOOKS FOR ENGINEERS, PAINTERS, MOTOR ENGINEERS AND BUILDERS

ENGINEERING WORKSHOP PRACTICE

This entirely new book provides a complete practical course of instruction in every important branch of engineering workshop methods, materials and equipment. It deals exhaustively with the underlying principles, craftsmanship, machines, tools, measuring processes and machining methods of to-day, and it will prove indispensable to the engineer, draughtsman, mechanic, apprentice and engineering student. Its scope extends from simple hand tools to the latest elaborate machines employed for mass-production purposes.

SOME OF THE SUBJECTS

Hand Tools—Measuring Methods—Verniers, Micrometers, Gauges, Optical Devices, Fluted and Twist Drills—Grinding Angles, Drilling Data, Drilling Machines, Electric Drills, Practical Lathework, Machining of Metals and Synthetic Materials—Tungsten-carbide and Diamond Tools—Lapping, Honing, Cleaning, Polishing and Rust-protection of Metals—Grinding Operations and Machines, Milling Operations, Cutters and Machines—Planing, Shaping, Slotting and Broaching Operations—Special Machines—Plate and Bar Machines—Gears and Gear Cutting—Templates, Jigs and Fixtures—Overhauling and Adjusting Machines—Millwright Work—Welding, Brazing and Soldering—Forging Work—Sheet Metal Work—Foundry Work—Pattern-making—Press Work—Engineering Metals; their Properties, Testing, Hardening, Tempering and Annealing—Engineers' Drawings—Calculations, Data, Hints and Recipes.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

The book is lavishly illustrated so that the explanations are rendered very clear with examples taken from actual works practice in many instances. There are 24 plates and 877 illustrations in the text.

A FREE BOOKLET

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
56, Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet describing "Engineering Workshop Practice."

Name .....
Send this form in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

Address .....

G.6 .....

MODERN PAINTER AND DECORATOR

A completely new and revised edition of this famous book has recently been published. The first edition was by Arthur Seymour Jennings, late Editor of "The Decorator," and was planned to provide a comprehensive storehouse of information on all subjects connected with the Painting and Decorating Trades.

This new edition has been entrusted to J. G. E. Holloway, the present Editor of "The Decorator," who has been assisted by some of the leading experts in the trade. It therefore contains information and advice on all the most recent developments in the Decorating Trade.

A FEW OF THE SUBJECTS

Brushes, Materials, General House Painting, Distempering, Paint and Colour Mixing, Gilding, Lettering, Sign-Writing, Wall-papers, Staining, Enamelling, Wood-finishing, Graining, Marbling and Stencilling, Spray Painting, Cellulose, Lacquers and Enamels, Gritted and Plastic Paints, Decorating Defects and their Remedies, Shop Window Decoration, Profitable Side-lines for Decorators, Workshop and Office Routine, Equipment, Law and Insurance, Measuring and Estimating, etc.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

It is important that a book of this kind should be extensively illustrated; it contains no fewer than 56 full-page plates, of which eight are in colour.

A FREE BOOKLET

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Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet describing "The Modern Painter & Decorator."

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Send this form in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

Address .....

D.6 .....

THE MODERN MOTOR ENGINEER

In view of the many recent developments that have taken place in Motor Engineering, it has been considered necessary to bring out an entirely new and revised edition of "The Modern Motor Engineer" to meet the demands of the garage manager and mechanic for a practical up-to-date book of instruction on all phases of their work.

BREAKDOWNS ON THE ROAD

Specially valuable is the section dealing with breakdowns on the road. Repairs are treated in great detail, and instruction is given in welding, brazing, sheet metal work, machinery and grinding.

THE SCOPE OF THE WORK

Among the many subjects which are dealt with in detail are: Garage Lay-out and Equipment. Dismantling, Tuning and Repairs of Engines—Clutches, Gear Boxes, Transmission, Springing and Brakes—Modern Ignition Systems—Armature Winding and Repairs—Carburettors—Tyre Troubles—High Speed Oil Engines—How to Cost Garage Jobs—Legal Requirements—etc., etc.

The work is fully illustrated with 32 full-page plates and over 1,600 illustrations in the text, all of which have been chosen for their practical value.

ELECTRICAL DIAGRAMS

A volume entitled "Electrical Diagrams" is given free to all purchasers of this work. This volume, handsomely bound, contains over 70 electrical wiring diagrams of the most popular English and American Cars and Commercial Vehicles.

Also supplied free with this new edition is a specially prepared chart which gives all the information regarding measurements, etc., which the engineer is likely to require in his day-to-day work.

A FREE BOOKLET

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
56, Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet describing "The Modern Motor Engineer."

Name .....
Send this form in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

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O.6 .....

MODERN PRACTICAL BUILDING

Building embraces so many separate trades that up till now any man who has wanted information on all sides of building construction has had to collect by his own efforts (and at heavy expense) a whole technical library. This difficulty is now entirely removed by the publication of "Modern Practical Building." For this work is in itself a complete library of practical information on every kind of building construction.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS

The Site—Shoring—Underpinning—Foundations and Footings—Piling—Drainage—Scaffolding—Stonework and Masonry—Bricks and Brickwork—Fireplaces and Flues—London Building Act—Concrete Constituents—Mixing—Construction and Reinforced Concrete—Regulations Governing Reinforced Concrete—Cast Stone—Tiling and Slating—Damp—Timber—Carpentry—Roof Construction—Use of the Steel Square—Half-Timbering and Framework—Joinery—Plastering—Exterior Work—Wall Coverings—Stairs and Stair Building—Sanitation—Central Heating—Ventilation—Painting—Decoration—Organisation—Book-keeping—Calculations.

A 64-page booklet on the Steel Square which can be carried in the pocket and used on the job is supplied free with "Modern Practical Building."

ILLUSTRATIONS AND PLANS

The 824 illustrations, including full-page plates, photographs, coloured plans, sectional drawings and explanatory diagrams which serve a really useful purpose by emphasising and simplifying the explanations given in the reading matter.

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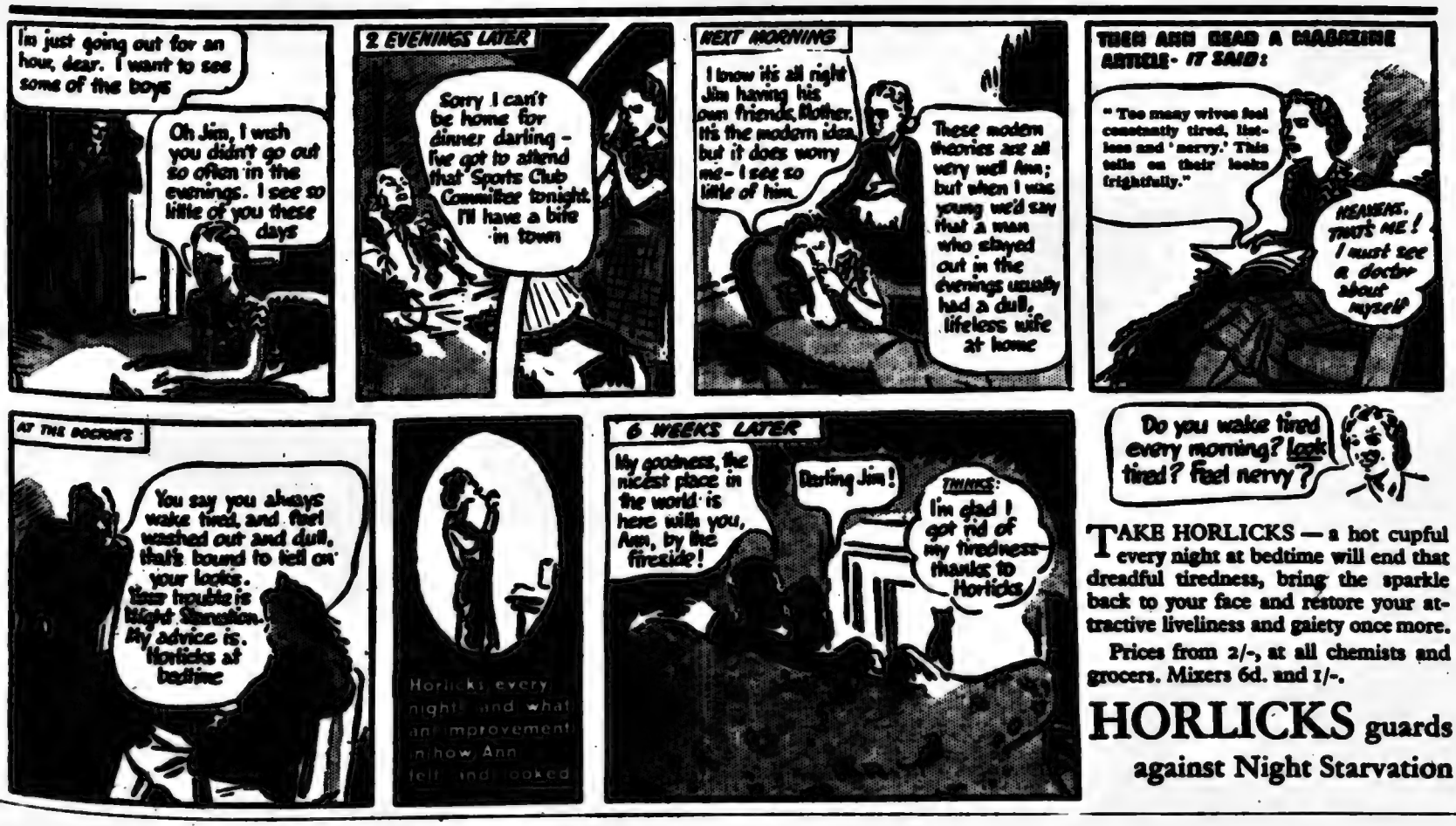
Also Free Booklets for CARPENTERS, BRICKLAYERS and WIREMEN, will be sent on request.

SHOULD HUSBANDS AND WIVES HAVE SEPARATE FRIENDS?


I'm just going out for an hour, dear. I want to see some of the boys
Oh Jim, I wish you didn't go out so often in the evenings. I see so little of you these days
2 EVENINGS LATER
Sorry I can't be home for dinner darling - I've got to attend that Sports Club Committee tonight. I'll have a bite in town
NEXT MORNING
I know it's all right Jim having his own friends, Mother. It's the modern idea but it does worry me - I see so little of him.
These modern theories are all very well Ann; but when I was young we'd say that a man who stayed out in the evenings usually had a dull, lifeless wife at home
THEN ANN READ A MAGAZINE ARTICLE - IT SAID:
"Too many wives feel constantly tired, listless and 'nervy.' This tells on their looks frightfully."
HEAVENS, THAT'S ME! I must see a doctor about myself
AT THE DOCTOR'S
You say you always wake tired, and feel washed out and dull, that's bound to tell on your looks. Your trouble is Night Starvation. My advice is, Horlicks at bedtime
Horlicks every night and what an improvement in how Ann felt and looked
6 WEEKS LATER
My goodness, the nicest place in the world is here with you, Ann, by the fireside!
Darling Jim!
THINKS:
I'm glad I got rid of my tiredness - thanks to Horlicks
Do you wake tired every morning? Look tired? Feel nervy?

TAKE HORLICKS — a hot cupful every night at bedtime will end that dreadful tiredness, bring the sparkle back to your face and restore your attractive liveliness and gaiety once more.

Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS guards against Night Starvation

NO WEDDING RING
FOR ROUGH "HOUSEWORK HANDS"
PRETTY GIRL OPPOSITE EH·
YES, BUT LOOK AT HER HANDS – THEY'RE TERRIBLY ROUGH
JOAN, HOW EVER CAN I DO DOMESTIC WORK –AND KEEP NICE HANDS?
WELL, THE BEST THING OF ALL IS A LITTLE 'VASELINE' JELLY LAST THING EVERY – NIGHT
3 MONTHS LATER
WHICH WILL LOOK BETTER ON THESE SOFT LITTLE HANDS, GOLD OR PLATINUM?

Shopwork ruins hands, too

Do you know that shopwork, as well as scrubbing and washing-up, dries the natural oils out of your skin? "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly replaces these oils, and keeps your hands smooth and soft. Just a little, last thing at night, makes your hands lovely. You'll never have rough 'Housework Hands.' Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
Petroleum Jelly

every day

2772-I

"I was Bald All Over the Top of My Head"

His Hair Grew by using KOTALKO

OLDHAM.

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair." H. A. WILD.

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap. They regrow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggings, softening the hardened scalp and restoring its healthful colour, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

KOTALKO
FOR HAIR GROWTH

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Twin Hair Grower.

To JOHN HARE BRITAIN, Ltd., 6, Percy St., (3) W.1. London, W.1. Please send (3 or, post paid, Trial Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 2/-. In stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Twin Shampoo.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN

A burden shared is a burden halved. Let "Humanist" tackle *your* problem, for possibly he can point to the "way out" that now eludes you . . .

THE WAY OUT

"BE kind—one to another" is a commandment that was laid down two thousand years ago.

How different life would have been if only that precept had been universally followed. Wars and strife and jealousy would all have been ruled out.

Now the strange thing is that most people, as individuals, do want to be kind. My hospital life is a constant reminder of that fact. My letters from all over the world as "Humanist" confirm it. Let us look at some of them. One man writes:—

I am a solicitor and therefore fully understand the legal and business aspects of my problem, but I should value your opinion on social and moral points. The facts are as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. "A" have been my personal friends for the last six or seven years and during that time I have acted as their legal adviser.

Mr. "A" died a few weeks ago, leaving his wife property and appointing her sole executrix, but that property is in mortgage to the full amount of the estimated value. I have myself paid funeral expenses, rates and insurances to the extent of about £50, and there is some £20 more to pay before all is cleared up.

In order to settle these matters I have drawn on my own bank balance, but I feel that I cannot go on doing this without prejudicing my own position and that of my wife. Mrs. "A," who is seventy-eight, and now a confirmed invalid, does not realise her true position, and a full disclosure might hasten her death.

When all is settled, she will have only the old-age pension to live on. I have been greatly impressed by the commonsense and humanity of your advice and I should much appreciate your opinion.

PAINFUL STORY

I admire this man for the kindness of his heart. But one thing is clear. He cannot be expected to go on putting his hand in his pocket if it means prejudicing the position of his wife and himself. There is a lot of wisdom in that old saying, "Be just before you are generous." What, then, should be done? I am not told if Mrs. "A" has any relations alive. If so, they should be interviewed and the circumstances explained to them.

They may be prepared to do something so that a full and painful disclosure need not be made to that woman. Then it would be helpful to know what was the occupation or profession of Mr. "A."

It may be that there is a benevolent or provident fund in connection with it. Or there are societies for helping ladies in reduced circumstances. An appeal to them for assistance might bear good fruit. To sum up, bearing in mind his friendship with these people, my correspondent should do everything in his power to help this widow in her time of need.

I have indicated some of the ways by which he can do that. But he should not go on crippling himself financially. Otherwise, if anything happens to him, his wife may be left in just as bad a position as Mrs. "A."

Here is another letter proving that humanity is essentially kind at heart:—

My husband (says this woman) was unemployed for six years, and as we have two children we know what hardship is. Now he is in regular work but earns only between two pounds and two pounds ten shillings a week.

Remembering our own hard times, I want to do what I can towards helping other unfortunates. I get beggars at my door on an average twice a day, and I always offer a cup of tea and something to eat. But you would be surprised at

"My hospital life is a constant reminder that most people want to be kind"

the number of times I find the food thrown away.

Sometimes I give a copper or two towards a bed, but I know that this money, which represents a real sacrifice, is often spent in drink. What ought I to do? Is it not better to help a dozen frauds than to turn away one needy person?

There is nothing more painful in life than to have kindness trampled upon. This woman has experienced it. The food she has given is thrown away; the money spent at the local pubs. There are, of course, really genuine cases.

But those in actual want are often too proud to plead poverty. They suffer in silence rather than moan in public. I suggest to this woman that any money she can afford should be given to a fund to help needy cases.

A charitable organisation has means of testing the genuineness of the applicant.

Now, what should this girl do? She writes:—

I am thirty years of age and am the only assistant in my father's grocery shop. I have passed the examinations set by the Institute of Certificated Grocers and won a special prize for salesmanship.

My ambition was to apply for a position in a larger shop to obtain more experience, but my difficulty is that my father has had heart trouble for three years and is unable to work a full day. I feel that if I make a move I shall be letting him down.

On the other hand, I have to work very long hours and this does not give me any time for study either at home or night school. I do not wish to remain in this small shop all my life.

TALK IT OVER

This girl should talk over her father's condition with his doctor. If his heart is in a bad state and he is not likely to live long, then for the present she should stay where she is.

She would never forgive herself if she left him and in that way hastened his end. If, however, the doctor feels that he may live for years, then this girl with her ambitions and qualifications should not be made to stagnate. She could make good her loss to that small business by engaging someone else to take her place. I suggest that she talks to her father on these lines.

Now for two problems affecting young married men and their wives. The first one comes from a miner whose wages are about £2 a week. He says:—

After our marriage my wife's mother came to live with us, and since she had a stroke three years ago she has been completely helpless.

She needs constant nursing day and night, and my wife has felt the strain terribly. My mother-in-law has pleaded with me not to send her away to the infirmary, but I am afraid if things go on my poor wife will have a complete breakdown.

Am I wrong in desiring to send a mother away in order to save her daughter?

A very difficult question to answer. But what has the wife herself to say about it? Probably, in spite of the strain, she is more content in having her mother under her roof than she would be if she were removed to the infirmary.

If she feels that way about it, is there not some friend who would come and sit with the invalid, say, twice a week, so that my correspondent and his wife could go out for a change? Then the District Nurse might also be asked to give a hand in the nursing. If these suggestions are not practicable, then I agree that the wife's breakdown must be avoided.

BEST FOR ALL

An appeal to the old lady should be made on these lines: "We want you to go into the infirmary just for two or three months in order to give your daughter a much-needed rest." It may be that, when once there, she would find herself so comfortable that she would remain of her own free will.

Now for the second man's problem. He says, "I am torn between affection for my mother, and my wife and children, and want to do my best for all." A very laudable desire.

His father died a year ago after a long illness, and he invited his mother to make her home with them—on one condition. It was that she should give up the drink habit which she had contracted during her husband's illness.

She agreed to do so, but she has not kept her promise and "she is now consuming a bottle of whisky a day." Her son has tried everything to break her of this curse, but without success, and the worry of it all is telling upon his wife and upon himself.

"My own nerves," he says, "are getting very frayed and my work suffers in consequence."

A woman who can afford a bottle of whisky a day should be able to pay to go into a home for inebriates. I advise this young man to insist upon this course.

Under proper supervision she would no doubt be cured of her weakness. When that takes place he can, if his wife agrees, welcome her back to his home.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

NEURITIS

"Kept from work for 3 weeks"

Anyone who has experienced the cruel, crippling pain of Neuritis knows only too well how quickly this implacable ailment will put a shoulder, arm or leg out of action. Not only do you have the sharp agony to contend with, but perhaps fear of lying up and losing your job, too. Mr. V. H., of Felixstowe, says: "My left arm kept me from work for three weeks with Neuritis. I went to my doctor, and he gave me oil, but it was no use. I then went to the chemist, he gave me ointment, that was no use. Then I tried a tin of your Salt, and within five days I was fit for work."

This is only one of thousands of cases where the regular use of Fynnon Salt has cured Rheumatic ailments. Why is this particular remedy so successful? Because it gets deep down to the cause of Rheumatism. A teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water releases a combination of Sodium, Potassium and the elements of Lithium—Nature's Salts of the Earth that give famous Mineral Springs their curative properties. They surge briskly through your system, breaking up the painful Uric Acid crystals, driving out poisons, restoring the liver to full free action. Limbs relax and take on a new suppleness. You feel fine after Fynnon Salt. Take it now!

1/3 large tins.

The children say—

I'm *the best advertisement for* FRY'S COCOA

An extra big wash to do this morning, but she has to get the children's dinner ready just the same. Mrs. May never seems to have a second to herself and she's on her feet all day. But Fry's Cocoa keeps her going—a hot, cheering cup when she's halfway through the housework, and another one at bedtime to make her sleep soundly. Fry's soothes her nerves and gives her wonderful energy.

● FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

C.66. 121037

FRY'S—FOOD AND DRINK IN ONE

Skin Eruptions

CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS

Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic Eczema that makes your life a misery with its maddenning itching day and night—Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied all your efforts to heal them—They all begin to mend at the first application of Cuticura Ointment. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish after one or two applications. Eczema of years' standing has been completely extinguished with a single tin of this amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing, purifying ingredients sink to the depths of the eruption and eradicate the poisons that cause all the irritation and inflammation. For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks and injuries—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable and handy than this unfailing healer.

THIS WRITER PROVED IT

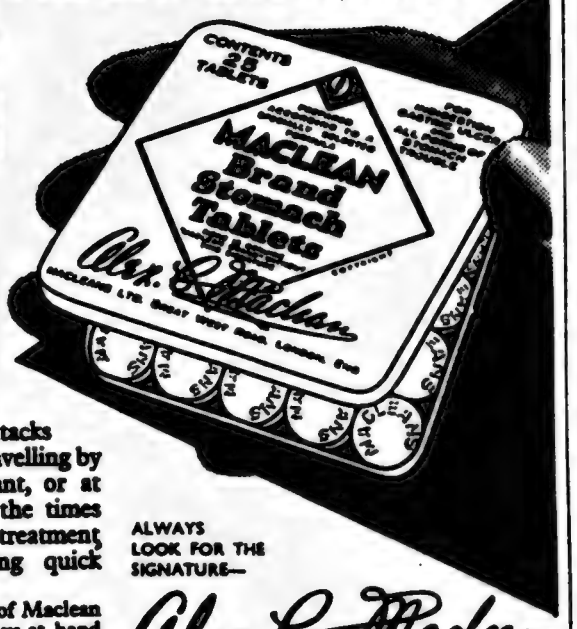
"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with red, sore pimples which were exceedingly painful and embarrassing. After trying various things without success, I started with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and very soon my skin was perfectly clear." (Signed) L. R. W. Edwards, 28, Myrtle Villa, Swilly, Plymouth. Why not let Cuticura heal you? Buy a tin to-day!

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

For Stomach Sufferers

This *NEW* 9p TIN

containing 25 MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets should be in every stomach sufferer's vest pocket or handbag



How awkward it is when Stomach Pain suddenly attacks you away from home—travelling by train or car, at a restaurant, or at your work! Those are the times when simple but effective treatment is badly needed to bring quick comfort and relief.

With the new compact tin of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets always at hand you can never be taken unawares. It is thinner than a watch, light and neat. Two or three of these famous tablets, after a meal, gently, quickly and surely relieve the pain and restore perfect digestive action. Ask your chemist for the new 9d. tin to-day.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE SIGNATURE—

Alex. C. Maclean

Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets are not genuine unless this signature appears on the tin. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are also sold in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, both bearing the signature. Never sold loose.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Tablets

2d 2d

STOPS STOPS

'Flu is a dangerous complaint! "Nip it in the bud"—for 2d! Take a BEECHAMS POWDER AT ONCE and, like magic, the symptoms vanish! Quickly the feverishness is reduced—the feeling of 'collapse' goes—for 2d!

The awful agony of Rheumatic twinges, Lumbago, Sciatica and Nerve Pains can also be defeated for 2d! BEECHAMS POWDERS are worth their weight in gold for stopping Pains! Relief comes instantly—blessed freedom for only 2d.

BEECHAMS POWDERS are the Biggest Health Bargain of the Century! Quicker in results because of their special powder form, they ACT LIKE MAGIC! Just as wonderful for COLDS, CHILLS, FEVERISHNESS and HEADACHES.

End YOUR symptoms for 2d! Get some BEECHAMS POWDERS *NOW* and experience *priceless* relief!

BEECHAMS POWDERS 2 EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/2. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Are you cleaning your teeth or **wearing them away?**

Although you must clean your teeth regularly, it *can* do as much harm as good! If the paste or powder you use is at all abrasive, you wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay.

And there are dentifrices so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using.

Make sure about your present tooth paste. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer.

It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

Free sample tube. *Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Crambax Ltd. (Dept. J.B.31), Norwich, for a free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.*

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Address .....

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CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

The discomfort caused by a strong dose of medicine can be agonisingly painful to a child. It is like turning a screw in the tender, sensitive little bowels.

How different is the gentle, smooth, easy action of 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a pure fruit laxative that starts a *natural* movement which carries away all the hard, clogged-up waste-matter from the bowels without worrying the child in the least. In a few hours, after all the half-digested food and poisonous, fermenting waste-matter have passed from the bowels, the child is like a different being—happy, contented and full of "go."

The internal cleansing which 'California Syrup of Figs' gives is positive but *gentle*, and without the faintest twinge of discomfort.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well.

'California Syrup of Figs' is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is *safe* for children. It is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

for Hoarseness

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a pleasant sweet.

Vick BRAND Lozenges

In Flanders now . . .

MY BATTLEFIELD PILGRIMAGE

"This massed multitude of silent witnesses"

A REPOSE, a hushed and timeless serenity enveloped the receding, flat stretches of Belgian countryside. . . . Surely no hideous, trampling Moloch had stalked these regions?

Yet we were presently to encounter scenes which bore testimony to the carnage that had been—an eloquent comment on the wanton, blundering silliness of which mankind is capable.

A slow drizzle, spread into an almost opaque smear by the metronomic gadget in front of the driver, spattered the windscreen of our car.

My host and guide at the wheel, who had participated in the Flanders holocaust, said: "I'm glad the rain is starting—it will show you Flanders as the lads saw it. . . ." Indeed, the roads and byways were already sodden with the accumulated mud of several days' rain.

We moved swiftly along the straight, uneven road, passing tiny roadside chapels at intervals. . . .

We stopped at length, muffled our necks and, alighting, opened the gate of a German war cemetery—quite a small one; rows of neatly bevelled wooden black crosses in perfect line. But as we progressed towards Ypres and its outlying districts, the British Cross of Sacrifice, towering from the walled enclosures we passed, told us that we were in the presence of the war dead of the British forces.

Immaculate Whiteness

We stopped again at a cemetery, and the gate was opened for us by one of the five hundred odd British gardener-caretakers who represent the French and Belgian staff of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

The general plan of these places is uniform throughout the world; the two central memorials, the Cross of Sacrifice and the Stone of Remembrance inscribed "Their Name Liveth for Evermore" loom out against the endless rows of headstones, alike for all, without distinction of military rank or civil station.

Their immaculate whiteness reflected the rays of the sun which was beginning to shine through, catching the tossing heads of the lovely flowers set against the simple memorial. The telling phrase, "Known Unto God," on all the anonymous stones bespoke of the horror of a political method that can rob a man, not only of his life, but also of his very identity.

Here before us, row upon row, was just a tiny fragment, a sparse contingent of the mighty and unimaginable total of our 1,104,890 war dead scattered in a thousand such cemeteries in France and Belgium alone. . . .

Trade in Scrap-iron

The rain had turned up the earth, and now that it had ceased dozens of country people, villagers and farmers, housewives and small boys were going into the fields to search for metal, remaining traces of the great conflict. We watched them as we resumed our journey. Bits of shrapnel, unexploded shells and bombs, barbed wire, cartridges and all the rusty, broken debris of the whole fighting apparatus continue to come to light as the days pass. The financial boom of the war years is over, but here are people still reaping a modest profit from the scattered remnants of the clash; how ironical it seems when we realise that the present rearmament drive has put a premium on these rusty, corroding relics of 1914. The Belgian country folk are searching with increased ardour nowadays. The price of metal has gone up. . . .

In the year 1935-36, 834 British bodies were found in Belgium and France. Of these, 721 were discovered on the former Somme battlefields. Metal searchers found 643, farmers and casual people found 283, while the discovery of the remaining 58 was the work of French Government search parties. . . .

Traffickers in Souvenirs

At Hill 60, visitors may inspect an underground tunnel, one of those dim, narrow, vermin-infested catacombs where men ate, slept and lived amid the most indescribable filth and mud.

But, overhead, capital is still being made out of the world's greatest catastrophe by traffickers in "souvenirs" and "genuine relics."

Peace reigns in Flanders to-day. But as I left these scenes of past destruction my ears echoed with the words of King George V after his pilgrimage to the British War Cemeteries in France and Belgium in 1922: "In the course of my pilgrimage, I have many times asked myself whether there can be more potent advocates of peace upon earth, through the years to come, than this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the desolation of war."

S. H.

"Greatest of These . . ."

Valentine

AGAIN we are celebrating "Remembrance Day," a day when the best way to honour those who laid down their lives for their country is by remembering those ex-Service men who are still with us, who all the years since the war have been war sufferers.

Take Valentine's father. He served all through the war, has been ill in hospital, and at the present time is in the doctor's hands as a result of his old war wounds breaking out.

Valentine, who is eleven, is expecting any day to enter a sanatorium. The doctor considers that he is undernourished. He is one of a large family, the eldest of whom, a girl fifteen, contributes half-a-crown a week. The youngest is one and a half. The "relief" they are allowed amounts to £1 per week in kind. "My wife has had to sell her wedding ring," says Valentine's dad, "to buy clothes for the children."

Our War Sufferers' fund has been going through a lean time, and it would be refreshing and encouraging if we could have a bumper response "In Remembrance." Donations earmarked "Valentine," and for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

She gets an unexpected holiday . . .

She gives away ROSY CHEEKS

MRS. TAYLOR, who keeps a boarding-house at Hoylake, Cheshire's pleasant seaside peninsula, has solved the secret of escaping from that gloom which descends on pleasure resorts at the end of the season.

Whilst most landladies are stripping their beds and packing the linen away in airing cupboards, the Taylor home at 16, Avondale Road, is as merry as at any other time in the year—August included.

* * *

For Mrs. Taylor is a woman with an idea.

Deferring her own packing up for a time, she opens her front doors to a guest family—some poor family very much in need of a seaside holiday, but who have been utterly unable to afford it. She has all too wide a choice in the depressed industrial North.

She shows them upstairs to her best rooms. And there, surrounded by all the comforts her paying guests have enjoyed, they are able to forget for a time their poor home and the eternal battle to get money for food.

She has found that it gives them such new heart that in some cases it has marked a definite turning-point in their lives.

* * *

And as for the Taylors—it gives them new heart to tackle the packing up, when the time comes. Remembering the happiness of the people to whom they have just said good-bye, they are happy themselves.

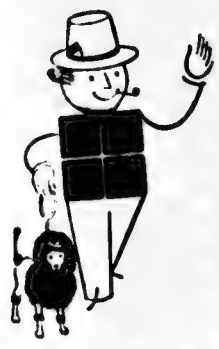
"Couldn't some fellow-ogresses of seaside landladies do the same?" asks Mrs. Taylor. We would like to hear from some of them who will, next year. We would like to think that the Taylors, ardent readers of JOHN BULL, have started a national movement.

What's under your Hat?

Well-groomed luxuriant hair, or hair that is thin and impoverished? In either case you should always use BRYLCREEM—the perfect hair dressing. HEALTHY HAIR is to be treasured and protected at all costs. No hairdressing or tonic is better able to do this than BRYLCREEM. Its natural oils and tonic ingredients stimulate the hair, stopping baldness and dandruff.

POOR HAIR is quickly nourished to rich health by BRYLCREEM, freeing the scalp from all unsightly troubles. Ask your chemist or Hairdresser for BRYLCREEM in bottles, tubes or the new wide-neck bottles 1/-.

Vive le Four Square, M'sieu!



Ah, mon petit, your gendarmes are—how you say—very wonderful, but not so wonderful as your Four Square tobacco. I meet one man—he smoke le Four Square. I meet two mans—he smoke le Four Square. Nom d'un chien, what is this Four Square? A pure tobacco, yes? With no artificial flavouring, aged and matured like the wines of la belle France. Helas! That Paris and not Paisley is the capital of France. Then might we be a nation of shopkeepers . . . and always sell le Four Square!

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TOBACCOS

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*)	10½d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*)	10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*)	11d.
Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*)	11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*)	1/2½d.
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*)	1/3d.

All blends are Medium Strength

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ALSO **FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES**

Standard Size: 10 for 6d., 20 for 1/-
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Guaranteed to contain no Empire Tobacco. Made from Pure Virginia Leaf only.

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L.4 *Basil Butler*

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Full of energy!
HEALTHY HAIR
Always cheerful!
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Good appetite!
SPARKLING EYES
Popular everywhere!
HEALTHY COLOUR

Is that you? Or are you IRON-STARVED—weak and low spirited, lacking energy, ambition and personality, prone to colds and illness? IRON-STARVATION is one of the commonest causes of weakness and poor health. If you haven't IRON-strength, you are bound to lack stamina, have a poor appetite, weak digestion, and that "washed-out" appearance which results from IRON-STARVATION.

Fortunately, there is a simple and certain remedy for IRON-STARVATION. Take IRON 'JELLOIDS' regularly with your meals. You'll quickly notice the improvement. Soon you'll gain new energy, you'll make light of your work and enjoy your play, you'll sleep, eat and digest your food better. The glow of perfect health will replace the pallor on your cheeks, and you'll feel and look a new man! Start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal.

Feels like a new man!

"I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful benefits I have received since taking Iron 'Jelloids'. They have brought colour into my cheeks and made me feel like a new man. Iron 'Jelloids' have done me a world of good." *(Mr.)*——

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re-arm you with IRON-strength to overcome Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Poor Appetite Weak Digestion—Headaches—Pallor Falling Hair—Pimples—Brittle Nails

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Simply spread this white sweetly-scented cream on the skin. Wash off with water. You wash away every trace of hair. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No coarse stubble like the razor leaves, because the hair is dissolved away *below* the skin surface. This amazing new discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark NEW 'VEET.' 6d. and 1/3d.

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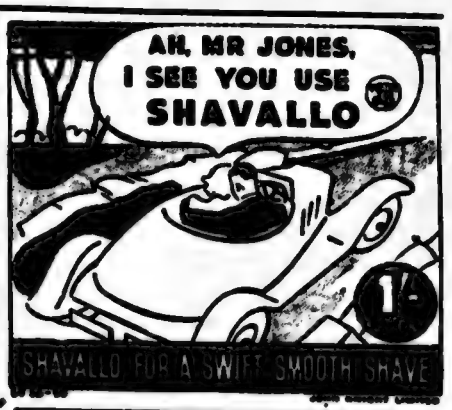
A foul-tasting mouth when you wake in the morning means that your system contains poisonous food waste matter which has no right to be there! "Morning mouth"—along with bad breath and coated tongue—are sure signs of stomach disorder or constipation. You are being poisoned, causing bad skin, headaches, loss of vitality, flatulence, depression, rheumatism. Let Feen-a-mint cleanse your system. Let Feen-a-mint give you a clear complexion, bright eyes and "sweet" breath. Feen-a-mint works the way Nature intended—safely and thoroughly—because it mixes with the saliva and is carried naturally through the whole digestive system. Its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Get a packet from your chemist to-day—or send your name and address on a postcard for a free sample to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. A.4.), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.



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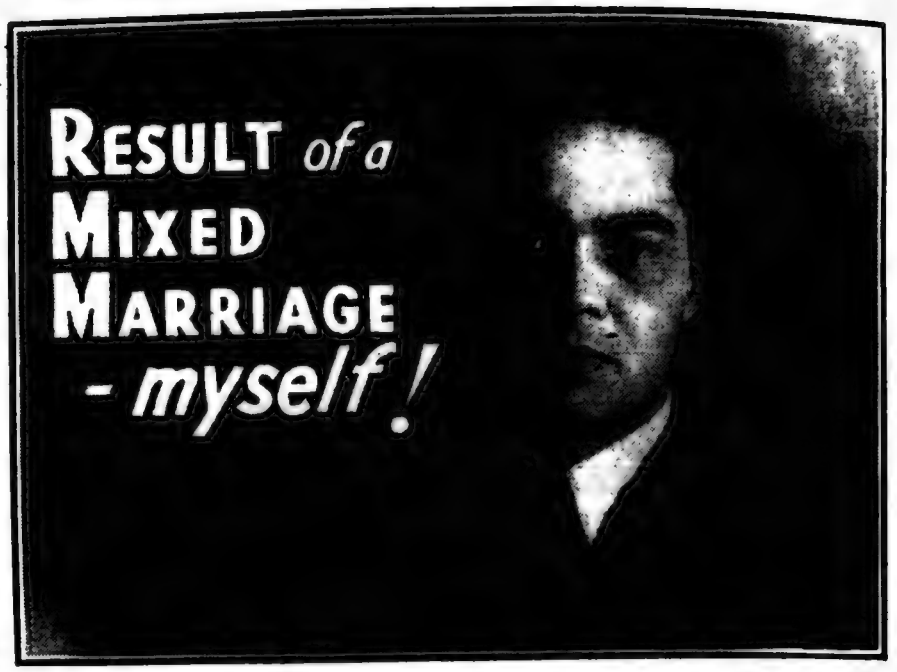
This week the book tells a story

Cedric Dover, Eurasian, age 33, made his name as a biologist in India. He recently came to England to write a book, "Half-Caste," which has created a stir in scientific circles. Here are the author's own candid reflections on the injustices that moved him to write the book. . .



by Cedric Dover

DEAN INGE has accused me of spoiling "a good book by temper and prejudice." The criticism is typical of those who are good at dishing it out but not at taking it.

To them the underdog is always bitter, bad-tempered and ungrateful when he bites as hard as he has been bitten.

And, heaven knows, the so-called half-caste has been bitten hard enough. Mixed breeds are a race of potential Ruxtons, of thoroughly degenerate creatures who inherit the vices of both parents and the virtues of neither.

More nonsense, in fact, has been talked about race and race mixture than about any other subject in the world.

I want to see these intolerable race myths dead and buried. I know their consequences too intimately to feel otherwise. I see their prompting when people, often people who are themselves touched with the "tar brush," pass by me with racial hostility in their eyes and nigger talk on their lips.

Their influence marks many wasted years of my life, the years I have spent in struggling against the colour bar, in trying to beat the subtle repressions and prejudices that surround success in my particular job.

For I have known the disappointment of being measured by the yardstick of colour instead of such merit as I might have possessed.

This is a question of social bitterness. For I am only a sample of a repressed class of humanity which is now finding voice. I am only one of the instruments it is using to express itself. If mine is "the authentic voice of the half-caste," as certain critics claim, it is because of this fact. Perhaps, too, I share with other mongrels an inherited awareness, as Lord Olivier puts it, of "the something that we call Human, which is greater than the one race or the other."

* * *

The tragic irony of all these racial cults is that there has not been a pure race of mankind for at least ten thousand years. All races are mixed races. There are no half-castes because there are no full-castes.

There are only groups of people of mixed origins who have more or less settled down in various areas and built up physical and cultural peculiarities of their own. As they move they mate. So racial mingling goes on, the difference between these groups providing no innate obstacles to intermarriage.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century there were some twenty thousand Negro slaves, apart from other coloured people, in England. They have disappeared. They were neither sent away nor exterminated. They were simply absorbed by the general mass of the population.

Other groups of coloured people now living in Britain will disappear in the same way. There are many such groups, especially in the larger ports, such as Liverpool and Cardiff, where negroes and Asiatics periodically excite racially-minded local authorities, tramps and timid housewives.

* * *

These people live on the margins, so to speak, of English life. They keep, and are kept, very much to themselves. But they intermarry and in time will be absorbed.

Is it a good thing? The answer depends on the point of view. British literature and history contain the names of many great men and women who have been conspicuously "tarred." Half-castes have attained prominence in various walks of life. They have been peers, poets, composers, artists, adventurers. In fact, Havelock Ellis has shown that few eminent Britons were blue-eyed blondes.

On the other hand, economic and cultural differences between the partners in mixed marriages often lead to unhappiness and social disharmony. This is a point the racialists are fond of emphasising. They make it a racial issue when it is really a social one. And for social ills there are social remedies.

The extent and characteristics of mixed communities cannot be reviewed here. But it should be noted that there are millions of Eurasians in the East, while in the Pacific islands, including Australia and New Zealand, mongrelisation is regarded as "one of the most transforming agencies at work."

South Africa possesses the best part of a million Eurafricans, and a statistical study shows that nearly half the supposedly European population of the Union contains a black infusion.

Elsewhere in Africa, especially on the West Coast, mixed breeds are becoming almost as common.

In Europe racial crossing is much more conspicuous in many countries, particularly France, Russia, Scandinavia and those of the Mediterranean nations, than it is in England.

Across the Atlantic the so-called "mongrel republics" and the neighbouring islands are not alone in supporting large mixed populations. In the United States there are more than twelve million Afro-americans, apart from Mexicans, Asiatics and local Indians, thousands of whom cross the colour line every year.

* * *

This incompletely sketched background suggests that mixed marriages must be accepted as part of the machinery of human change, as evidence of a movement towards that greater uniformity upon which a truly constructive society, even under ideal political conditions, must partly depend.

It also suggests that mixed breeds and mongrels must be regarded as portents of a new future—a virile future of universal peace and brotherhood. Those who appreciate the rôle of racialism in building the psychological foundations for war cannot do otherwise.

But to-morrow and the day after someone will pass by me with racial hostility in his eyes and nigger talk on his lips. . . .

Graded Football Guide

By Poolex (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, November 13, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus, the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME WIN.

88 Oldham v. Accrington.	29 Partick v. Ayr.	12 Morton v. Hamilton.
83 Crystal P. v. Torquay.	23 Hudd'sfield v. Portsm'th.	10 Reading v. Mansfield.
82 Blackburn v. Newcastle.	22 Exeter v. Cardiff.	9 Aldershot v. N'hampton.
47 Millwall v. Bristol R.	21 Chesterfield v. Man. Un.	9 Bolton v. Stoke.
44 Watford v. Brighton.	21 Bristol C. v. Q.P.R.	9 Dundee v. Falkirk.
43 Port Vale v. Halifax.	20 Aston Villa v. Burnley.	8 Blackpool v. Birmingham.
43 Southampton v. Notts F.	20 St. Johnstone v. Hibs.	4 Newport v. Southend.
43 Motherwell v. St. Mirren.	19 Swindon v. Walsall.	3 Notts Co. v. Clapton O.
42 Hearts v. Queen's Park.	14 Fulham v. Barnsley.	1 Sunderland v. Grimsby.
42 Raith R. v. Montrose.	14 Brentford v. Middlesbro.	1 Swansea v. Sheffield Un.
40 Albion R. v. Edinburgh.	13 N. Brighton v. Roth'ham.	1 Stenh'sem'r v. Dundee U.
32 Lincoln v. Doncaster.	12 Leith v. Airdrie.	1 Crewe v. Tranmere.
32 Darlington v. Carlisle.		

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY WIN.

Derby v. Leeds.	4	West Ham v. Coventry.	14	Plymouth v. Stockport.	32
Arsenal v. W.B.A.	6	Hull v. Rochdale.	14	Bradford v. Bury.	35
Man. C. v. Liverpool.	8	Wrexham v. Brad. C.	14	Sheffield W. v. Luton.	37
Gillingham v. B'nmouth.	9	Dunf'line v. St. B'nards.	15	Third Lanark v. Celtic.	57
Alloa v. Dumbarton.	9	Arbroath v. Rangers.	17	Hartlepools v. S'thport.	57
Kilm'nock v. Queen o' S.	10	Gateshead v. Chester.	17	Everton v. Chelsea.	68
E. Stirling v. Forfar.	10	King's P. v. Cow'beath.	20	Clyde v. Aberdeen.	75
Barrow v. York.	11	Norwich v. Spurs.	21	Leicester v. Preston.	81
Wolves v. Charlton.	14	Brechin v. E. Fife.	28		

STOMACH PAINS ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-.

..It's Rheumatism

.... of course it's painful. Wherever rheumatism settles you are bound to have pain and stiffness. To get rid of the pain you must stimulate the circulation through the afflicted tissues. There is one remedy able to do this—it is Sloans brand Liniment. Just apply Sloans and at once a soothing, comforting warmth steals through the aching part. That is the result of Sloans stimulating the sluggish blood stream, thereby dispersing the congestion and conquering the pain. Your relief starts with the first touch of Sloans. Use Sloans to arrest the pain of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, and aches and pains in muscles, joints and nerves. Get a bottle today (1/9) at all chemists and stores.

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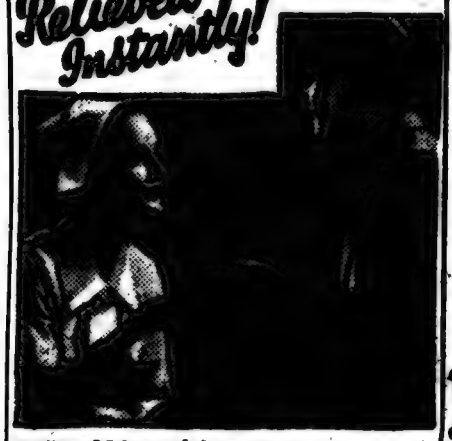

'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a sour acid stomach, and relieves acute gastric pain, in almost as little time as it takes to tell.

For stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue, nausea and upset stomach caused by foods that disagree, there is no finer remedy the world over than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous—instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Be sure it is 'MILK of Magnesia'—there is nothing "just as good."

Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity)

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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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A.G cigarette paper makes such an improvement to smokes that more and more smokers are insisting on it. You want the complete flavour from your tobacco. You want a really cool smoke. Then you want A.G paper. It gives no paper taste, your throat isn't irritated—you enjoy your smokes as you never enjoyed them before. So you too insist on A.G—it's worth it yet it costs no more than ordinary papers.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

A.G PAPERS *Now packed in 3 styles*

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READER'S OWN STORY

Everyone has a story to tell, and Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers and writing up their personal adventures in story form. £5 5s. is paid for each accepted tale. This week's contribution is by Registered Reader No. 48,492, A. MacKay, 23, Henson Avenue, Blackpool, S.S.

Death Duel of Friends

Whipping a revolver from his belt, the pilot swung round

IT was when I was a patient in the Royal Infirmary of one of our largest cities that I met Carl Kutsman, a German who settled in England after the war.

He was undergoing treatment for an old war wound. I was attracted by the man's affable disposition and his ability as a conversationalist. When I was well enough to get up I spent many long hours by his bedside.

It was while we were discussing the horrors and futility of war that he told me a story of the most terrifying experience it is possible for a man to have.

"I will tell you how I got this wound for which I am now being treated," he said. "But before I do so it will be necessary for me to take you back to pre-war days when I was a student at the university.

"Like most students, I was spirited, happy and generally in love with life. I had my friends, my love affairs and a healthy hankering after adventure.

"Among my best friends was a young Englishman named Donald Whitaker. He was a tall, robust youth whose fearless attitude towards life won him the admiration of nearly everybody who knew him.

"My friendship with Donald was more like that which exists between brothers. We went everywhere together, exchanged confidences and assisted one another in every possible way we could.

◆◆

"In 1914 we went on a holiday to Italy, and it was while we were there that the Great War broke out.

"The news of this came as a shock to both of us. Our countries hated each other and were already making ominous preparations for wholesale murder.

"Before we parted we sat down in the afternoon sun in a state of bewilderment. To our young minds it seemed impossible that we should each have to go to battle and fight one another.

"I had nothing against the British and he had nothing against the Germans. In fact, what few English people I did know I liked. Donald felt the same about his German friends. So with heavy hearts we said farewell.

"'Some day,' Donald said to me, as we stood on the platform waiting for our respective trains, 'all this madness will pass and the world be at peace again. Then, my friend, we can take up the threads of this great friendship of ours.'

"'Yes,' I agreed. 'It is only a matter of time, Donald.'

"Marching to the sound of rousing military airs, I joined millions of my countrymen on the bloody battlefields.

"I don't know what it was due to, but I had, from the very first day I was in Flanders, a feeling that I should meet Donald in battle.

◆◆

"Every time I went over the top with my men I used to speculate what I should do if by chance we came face to face as enemies. Would I kill him as my duty demanded or would I let him kill me? It was a horrible thought.

"Twice during the terrible three years that followed I was wounded. By this time my being had become conditioned to the horrors of war.

"All the finer feelings that I had known in peace-time were paralysed. I cared nothing for death or life, for I was no longer an individual—I was a cog in the wheels of a relentless murder machine that was annihilating millions of mothers' sons.

"In April of 1918 I was detailed for special duty a short distance away from the war zone. The locality consisted of a shell-seared field and a wood that had been reduced to only a few broken and blackened trunks. Here and there, however, was a tree that still retained most of its branches.

"On this afternoon, with a soft, warm breeze caressing my face, the distant aroma of new life in my nostrils, I felt my paralysed humanity struggling back to life.

"The greenness of the shoots on the tree-stumps, where Nature worked oblivious to the hell that was being let loose all around, attracted me. I felt a compulsion to go out there and study the new leaves. It was a spiritual urge that came up from the remotest depths of my being

◆◆

"I had no sooner reached the wood than I was attracted by an airplane, flying low. In a minute I recognised it as a British 'plane trying to make a forced landing.

"Suddenly it sagged. A new note emanated from the engine, telling me that it was getting out of the pilot's control. Then in a flash it dived to earth, finally crashing into one of the trees.

"With my revolver drawn, I carefully approached the wreckage with the thought of helping the pilot in case he was injured.

"When I got near I observed that the 'plane was lodged in a tree and that the pilot was climbing from it apparently none the worse for his experience.

"Treading on a dry branch warned the pilot of my presence. Whipping a revolver from his belt, he swung round. As he did so there was a loud report. Instinctively, I pulled the trigger of my gun. Then I felt a searing pain below my ribs.

"Falling on my knees, I heard the airman cry out, 'Oh, my God! My God!' I recognised the voice instantly. It was Donald's!

"Somehow I struggled to my feet and staggered over to where he had fallen. 'Don,' I cried. 'Don, are you hurt?' I dropped on my knees beside him and took off his helmet. I could see the life running away from him. 'Don,' I whispered, 'forgive me. It's Carl. Do you hear me?'

"'Carl,' he mumbled. Blood was trickling out of his mouth now. 'Carl, ol' man.' He tried to smile, but the blood choked him and he fell over on his side, dead.

"And I had done it—killed him! Killed my best friend.

"Then I lost consciousness. I came to in an English hospital. They told me that during my delirium I had constantly called out my friend's name.

"But one day Donald came to me in a dream. 'You will get better,' he told me. Then he asked me to locate his mother. 'Be a son to her like I might have been,' he said.

"The war ended. I came to England in an effort to trace Don's people."

The German paused and looked at me.

"Do you know," he said, "I'm right near Donald now." He pointed to a white marble square above his bed. The black lettering was as follows: This bed is endowed by Mr. and Mrs. D. Whitaker in loving memory of their son, Lieutenant Donald G. Whitaker, R.A.F., killed in action, April, 1918.

I do not know whether Herr Kutzman ever found Donald's people. I sincerely hope he did, and, if he should read this, I trust that he won't object.

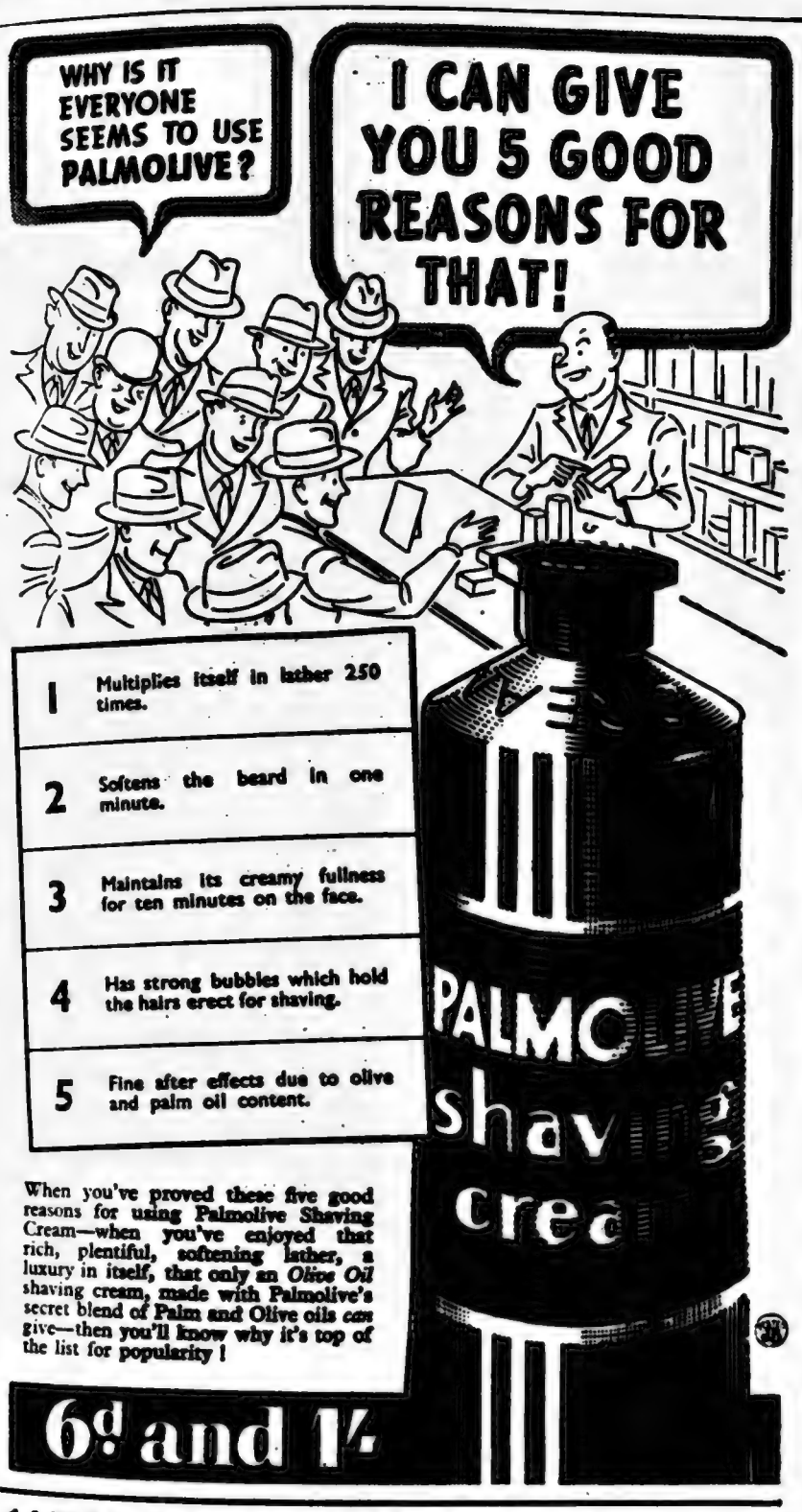
THE BEST WAY TO CURE A HEADACHE

If you're one of those people who can't take ordinary aspirin tablets because they upset the stomach or if you find they leave you feeling muzzy, you really ought to try 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets. 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets are something new and something much better. Firstly, they make a pleasant-tasting, sparkling, refreshing drink which cannot upset the most delicate stomach. Secondly, they combine for the first time the one surest and quickest pain-reliever with a perfect counteractive of the acidity which accompanies all headaches and is usually their real cause. A couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets dropped in a glass of water will shift the worst headache in a few minutes and leave you feeling fresh and well and fit for anything.

And they're simply wonderful for Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, as well as for any sort of Nerve or Rheumatic Pains. They not only relieve the pains immediately but they counteract the acid which causes them.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with sparkling drinks like salts. There is nothing like them. They are not a laxative.

OUR GUARANTEE: Get a bottle of 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets from your chemist to-day. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the quantity of the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied we will refund your money.


WHY IS IT EVERYONE SEEMS TO USE PALMOLIVE?
I CAN GIVE YOU 5 GOOD REASONS FOR THAT!
1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after effects due to olive and palm oil content.
PALMOLIVE
Shaving
Cream

When you've proved these five good reasons for using Palmolive Shaving Cream—when you've enjoyed that rich, plentiful, softening lather, a luxury in itself, that only an *Olive Oil* shaving cream, made with Palmolive's secret blend of Palm and Olive oils *can* give—then you'll know why it's top of the list for popularity!

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COOLNESS
the secret of a 'fishy' story

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LLOYD'S'

BONDMAN
is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10d per oz.

ITS PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Don't overlook DRAGE'S Great Furnishing Offer
Turn to pages 6 and 7 now, while you think of it!

FALSE TEETH
held firmly with utmost
COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE

If sprinkled daily with Kolynos Denture Fixative.

Sold in patent sprinkler for carrying in pocket or handbag 1/3. Large Tin 2/3. A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business men. Denture Brushes free—each coupon with each tin. Samples of Kolynos Fixative Free from Kolynos, (Dept. F. 17(C)), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

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LIGHTNING
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STOP *YOUR* COUGH LIKE LIGHTNING!

Why suffer CARBUNCLES?

Why keep on suffering? "I cured a very large Carbuncle with only one box of Burgess' Lion Ointment," writes Mr. O. (Blackfriars) and scores of thousands of sufferers have proved how sure it is for Boils, Carbuncles, Whitlows, Poisoned Wounds, Abscesses, Piles, Eczema, and even for Bad Legs.
Brings all the infection OUT. The trusted Remedy for 90 years. Of Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box.

LION OINTMENT 1/3

POISONED SYSTEM & RHEUMATISM

Let Mr. Foster, of 60, XXX St., Colchbo, Stoke, tell you of his miraculous recovery. "I suffered from Poisoned System caused through making Poison Gas for the war. This developed rheumatism. I was reduced to 7 st. 9 lbs., a complete wreck. I thought it was only a matter of time with me. Vitadatio made me a new man. I now weigh 11st. 6 lbs., can walk miles, and feel better than ever I did."—Are you anxious regarding your health? If your trouble is impure blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, or Internal Ailments, get a bottle of Vitadatio to-day. It is the greatest Blood Purifier and Herbal Tonic known. It goes right to the root of the trouble, eradicates disease, and restores health.
It has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours.
Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists & Stores. 2/- & 5/- per bottle (or per post 6d. extra in U.K.)
From VITADATIO, 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

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GRAVES *Beats the World*
For Quality & Value

GRAVES SHB4 BATTERY 3-WAVEBAND SUPERHET is a very powerful instrument which opens up a field for reception beyond the scope of medium- & long-wave Receivers. A dependable Set, built for waveband ranges of 16/50, 200/550, and 800/2000 metres, covering the world's principal stations.

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Graves SHB4 has a sensitive and highly selective circuit using High 'Q' Coils, Two-Speed Tuning Control with full vision scale. Full Automatic Volume Control, Waveband Switches with silver plated contacts. Permanent Magnet Loud Speaker using High Flux Magnet. British Valves. Handsome two-toned Walnut Cabinet, an illustrated, size 17 x 12½ x 9½. 120-volt H.T. Battery, high capacity Accumulator. Indoor or Outdoor Aerial equipment, as desired. Complete in all respects. Nothing else to buy. £8:11:0
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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE, full specification of this and other Radio Sets for Batteries or A.C. Mains. Post Free.

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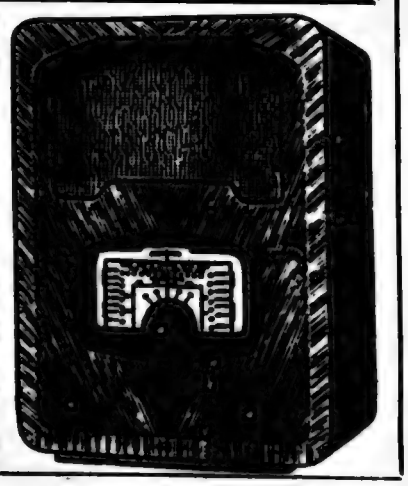


BACKACHE

IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY KIDNEYS?

That is the question you should ask yourself when you feel the first sharp pains of backache.

Pain in any part of the body is Nature's warning that something is wrong. If the kidneys become inflamed and clogged, and so are unable to remove the waste products (uric acid) from the system, pain is felt in the small of the back; first a slight discomfort, increasing to intense agony like a knife thrust in the back.

Rheumatism, Painful Joints or Muscles and Urinary Disorders all indicate Faulty Kidney Action.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills have been specially compounded to meet and relieve all forms of Kidney Trouble. They put their healing touch right where it is wanted—the kidneys. From the first few doses you will get relief. Persist in the treatment and your kidneys will once again rapidly remove the accumulated poisons and waste matter from your body. Your pain will vanish, and you will feel brighter and more invigorated.

Sold by all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

De WITTS PILLS

BRAND

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of MAN ZAN BRAND PILE REMEDY.

Stop your Indigestion to-day

Perhaps you haven't given much thought to those touches of heartburn, that flatulence after meals. But you begin to notice that they are getting more frequent. De Witt's Antacid Powder will quickly put things right for good. One canister is sufficient in most cases. You will save yourself much worry and pain if you take De Witt's Antacid Powder now and *stop your trouble in its early stages.*

But to those who have already passed the early stages of digestive trouble; to those whose gastritis and dyspepsia are chronic we say:—"Still there is hope."

De Witt's Antacid Powder will immediately ease the pain. It will help you digest your food. It will protect your inflamed stomach from further attacks by gastric acid. It will tone up and bring back to health the weakened stomach. But start at once before you get even more serious troubles. You will bless the day you tried—

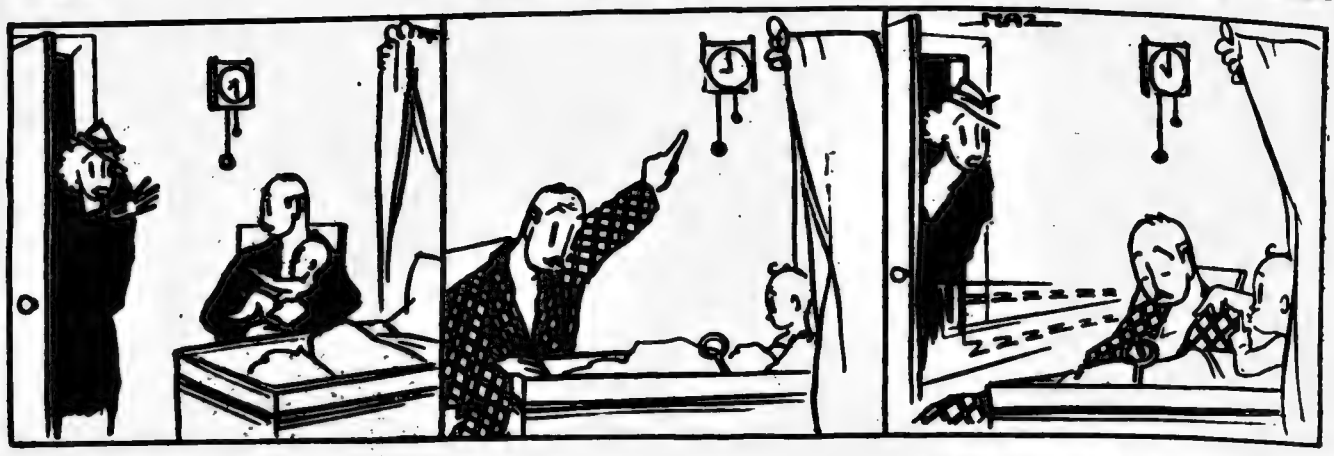
DE WITT'S

ANTACID POWDER

Get a canister to-day for 1/8.
Larger size, 2/6.

THE BEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

Dad . . . Puts the baby to sleep by Maz



THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

GARDENER (Maida Vale).—"I have invented a thick rubber stocking for the winter." Garden hose.

F. C. (Gosport).—"I always thought it was easy until I tried to play my friend's big drum." It had you beat instead!

H. E. (Felixstowe).—"While out in Africa I saw some reptiles at least 16 ft. long." Great snakes!

R. T. (Leek).—"He kept on leading off with his weakest suit, and it made me furious." So you led off, too?

C. M. (Goole).—"Although I owned up to driving without a light, I was fined £2." The price of admission!

S. E. (Lincoln).—"Completely submerged in the tank, I felt sure I was going to die." You were all in.

CONTRACTOR (London, S.W.).—"It was a big job cutting the tunnel, but I have completed it now." You're through with it!

HON. SEC. (Dundee).—"Our choral society has refused to accept money for engagements." Its services can be obtained for a mere song, as it were.

HIKER (Hertford).—"I was looking up at the new moon when a thief came up and attacked me." So you turned your money over?

L. K. (Dover).—"It annoys me to think that I have a chilblain coming on the end of my nose." It's a sore point with you?

OUTFITTER (London, N.).—"After overpowering the thief I trussed him up in a chair and then telephoned for the police." A smart collar and tie.

N. B. (Hythe).—"A boy with an inventive brain should be allowed plenty of peace and quietness." Left to his own devices, as it were?

CITY MAN (E.C.).—"Why do I always see the tail-light of the last train winking at me as I dash on to the platform?" Because it's lit.

E. D. (Liverpool).—"I gave the blackmailer a hiding, and promised him some more if he came near me again." So you let him have something to get on with.

G. M. L. (West End).—"Certain British sports goods are undergoing a depression owing to cheap foreign competition." Punch-balls, we understand, are being particularly hard hit.

F. N. (Colindale).—"I think the present Army uniform is ideal." Right dress!

C. C. (Hull).—"About how long should a big bridge last?" Its allotted span.

ARCHIE (Luton).—"My wife wants to follow me everywhere I go. What can I do?" Buy a tandem.

M. B. (Exeter).—"He objects to all noisy musical instruments." Brass banned.

A. P. (Rickmansworth).—"All the girls in this village are keen on a certain American film-star." Taylor maids?

Owner-Driver (Shrewsbury).—"Open a large road map and it will tell you everything you want to know." Except how to fold it up again.

W. N. C. (Rochester).—"I have joined a radio listening club." A wireless set.

B. M. (Perth).—"I left my bed against doctor's orders to keep goal for my club." From pillow to posts?

SATISFIED (Hayes).—"The houses just round the corner aren't nearly so well built as ours." They aren't in the same street.

TENANT (Bromsgrove).—"Can I have a geyser fixed without asking my landlord's permission?" Yes, if you want to get into hot water.

M. G. T. (Guildford).—"I was sorry to see a very well-dressed lady being told to leave the hall without delay." She was smartly turned out..

ANXIOUS (Bolton).—"My wife went out a week ago, leaving the gas burning, and hasn't returned since. What should I do?" Turn off the gas.

FISHERMAN (Fowey).—"When my uncle died, I fully expected to be left half of his fishing fleet, but all I got was a leaky fishing boat." That was a nasty smack for you.

L. G. (Manchester).—"I missed my train, because people would talk to me while I was doing my accounts, which consequently took me longer." They upset your calculations.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"I've been round to get some satisfaction from that customer who only paid half his instalments on this 'cello."—"The Passing Show."

G. J. (Frome).—"My husband cannot light a fire for nuts." Perhaps he prefers to buy them already roasted?

S. C. (Norwich).—"I set to work to weigh up the plans of the houses." Using scales, of course.

DISAPPOINTED (Bristol).—"In an effort to be funny, our host didn't provide any drinks with the dinner." Dry humour.

HOUSEWIFE (Gloucester).—"I am rather disappointed with the refrigerator, for it won't do all that is claimed for it." A bit of a frost, eh?

SHOWMAN (Leicester).—"After the show, the two comedians were seen involved in a great argument." Cross talk, eh?

T. B. (Luton).—"My sister takes the cake." You'd better both turn to page 47, where she can win one of the 250 fine *Bullets* Christmas Cakes—and you can go one better by capturing a big cheque and Millionaire's Hamper.

G. O. B. (Hammersmith).—"I have earned hundreds of pounds as a professional runner." Your pace is your fortune.

G. E. V. (West Drayton).—"The man, who stood 6 ft. 3 in. in his socks, spoke on intricate subjects of which I had no knowledge." He talked above your head?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

NORFOLK CHRONICLE:—"General Maid required for small modern house; morning cook WEPT; no washing."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"The SLOWEST machines entered are capable of more than 130 m.p.h. and the FASTEST can do NEARLY that speed."

CUMBERLAND EVENING NEWS:—". . . because his owner has been UNFORTUNATE enough to win the Cambridgeshire before."

SCOTTISH TYPOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL:—"Now, our workshops and departments are full of light, with plenty of air and VEGETATION."

ELLESMERE PORT PIONEER:—". . . and not the most morbid pacifist can deny that his scarlet or even his blue or khaki, adds a touch of picturesqueness to a CROW."

Anæmia Made Her a Wreck

"I was a victim of chronic anæmia," states Mrs. H. Millinson, of 61, Howard Street, Mansfield, Notts. I was pale and listless, could not eat and lost much weight. I felt too weak to work, or even to walk; every step seemed an effort. I was terribly depressed and lost interest in everything. I tried all kinds of remedies, but nothing did me any good.

"Then I read about Dr. Williams pink pills, and decided to try them. I derived benefit from the very first box; my appetite improved, I gained strength, and felt more energetic and cheerful. From then onward I never looked back, and now I am quite my old self. Life is again a pleasure, and I bless the day I started taking Dr. Williams pink pills."

Not only for anæmia, but for nervous troubles, indigestion, poor appetite, rheumatism, or any ailment caused by impoverished blood, Dr. Williams brand pink pills are invaluable to both men and women. They create new, rich blood, giving new health, new vigour and strong nerves. Try them now; 1s. 1d. a box (triple size 2s. 6d.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

Mrs. Webb's HEALTH WORRY

Thought She Would Never Be Well Again

EXTREME WEAKNESS

UNABLE TO SLEEP

PAINS In Her JOINTS

BACK Felt As Though It Would BREAK

Moving Story of Housewife's Brave Struggle To Tend HUSBAND & 3 YOUNG CHILDREN

Dr. Cassells Tablets Made Her HEALTH WORRIES FADE AWAY!

From Our Special Health Investigator.

Royston Greene

South Harrow, Monday.

HERE is the Health Story of Mrs. WEBB of South Harrow, a housewife with a husband and 3 young children to care for, just as she told it to me in her own grateful words. Only a few short weeks ago she thought she would never know good health again! To-day, thanks to Dr. Cassells Tablets, she is full of life and health and her smile radiates happiness.

"My trouble," she told me, "commenced with a feeling of extreme weakness. My energy seemed to be sapped from me altogether. I have three children to look after as well as my husband and I struggled hard. But my health got worse. From being unable to sleep at night I began to experience pains in all my joints and my back used to feel as though it would break!"

"However did you manage to keep going?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you!" she returned. "But you can imagine what it was like!—getting up early in the morning to see my husband off to work and see my eldest child off to school—tending my baby, aged 14 months and my other little girl aged 3½ years!! I had a horror that my health would never be right again."

"What a serious thing, Mrs. Webb!" I interposed.

"Yes," she replied: "I had to stand over the hot stove cooking and feeling sick of the sight of food myself! I had to stand over the washtub in the heat and steam with my back feeling as though it was breaking in two! I had to kneel down and scrub my floors while my joints were stiff and aching!

"But then a friend kindly gave me some Dr. Cassells Tablets."

"And what happened then?" said I.

"From that time," continued Mrs. Webb, "I began to get better. My health worries began to fade away. In less than a week I was a different woman! I began to take a pleasure in my household duties—my neighbours remarked upon my change of appearance and my husband was absolutely beside himself with joy! I began to sleep more soundly—the children did not worry me. Now I can rise cheerfully at any time in the morning, and even after a hard day's washing can feel bright and fresh to greet my husband in the evening. Needless to say I shall never be without Dr. Cassells Tablets in the house."

NO NEED TO SUFFER!

In every chemists' shop you can obtain the wonderful formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets! Go AT ONCE and secure a bottle of this Nerve Restoring and Health Rebuilding, Re-invigorating tonic and see how soon YOU, too, can be freed from all such troubles as

HEADACHES HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION NEURITIS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
INSOMNIA "NERVES"
LUMBAGO DEPRESSION

Get YOUR supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets TODAY!
Sold Everywhere 8d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

FREE! Amazing Gift! Of priceless value! Veno's Health Chart—Health Hints and exercises. Send a postcard INSTANTLY to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16.

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

URINARY DISORDERS

START WITH PAINFUL MICTURITION

...showing that your kidneys are not filtering off the impurities from the system. Ill-health must follow. Painful urination, uric acid, cystitis, nervousness, headaches, dizziness, backache, disturbed sleep, rheumatism, swollen ankles, are the symptoms of deranged and weak kidneys. For clogged bowels a purge is taken but disorders of the kidneys are far more serious to health. If you have any of these symptoms don't delay—start the Adrax Brand Treatment at once. *So certain is Adrax in its purifying action on the kidneys that there is a money back guarantee.* Adrax Brand Tablets are obtainable at all chemists, 3/- per box or direct from W. B. Cartwright Ltd. Laboratories, Rawdon, Leeds.

The proprietary rights are disclosed in patent Action

FREE

ECZEMA,

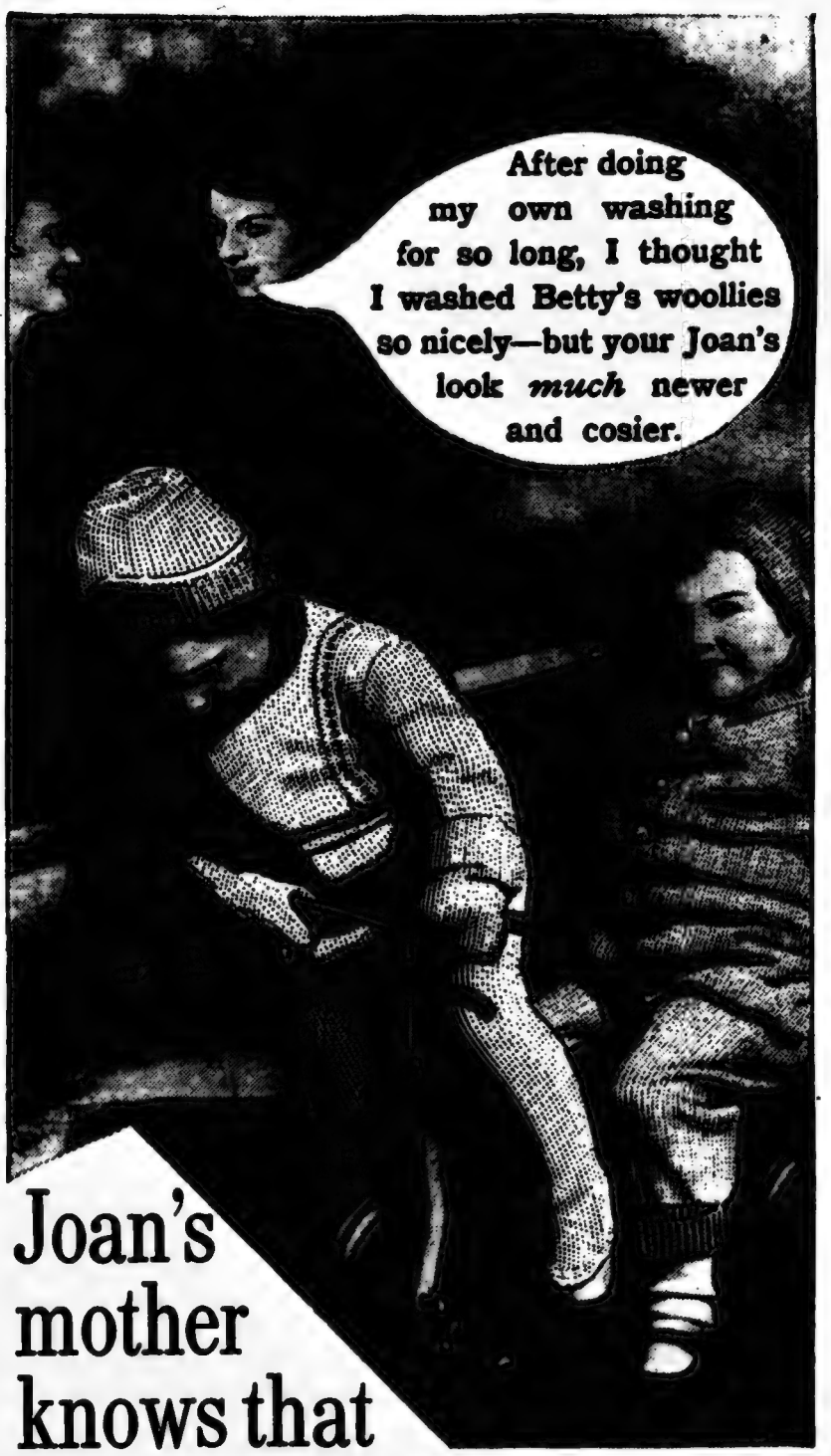
Psoriasis, all Skin Diseases & Bad Legs. Sufferers should write to us at once, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed. Send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD. Ltd., *Medical Skin Specialists,* BRADFORD, YORKS.

Also 573, Chester Rd., Old Trafford, Manchester, 16; and 99, Sandylands Promenade, Morecambe, W.E.


After doing my own washing for so long, I thought I washed Betty's woollies so nicely—but your Joan's look *much* newer and cosier.

Joan's mother knows that Persil's safe suds get out all the dirt and keep woollens soft and fleecy

If you're not already using Persil for your colours and woollens, as well as for your white wash, here's good news for you! Persil's unique cleansing is just as good for them too—for three good reasons. 1. You can use Persil in cool or even cold water if colours are very delicate. 2. Persil's soapsuds are so thorough that fabrics need little handling and *no* hard rubbing. 3. With Persil, washing is so quick that dainty things are never long in the water.

Your delicate garments are too precious to trust to anything but Persil's safe cleansing. And you've only to see Persil-washed woollens to be for ever dissatisfied with your present method.

THE AMAZING Persil OXYGEN WASHER

PER 502-704-36

ANOTHER FINE 3-in-1 FIRST and up to 100 BUMPER XMAS HAMPERS

FOR SOLVING JOHN BULL'S ENTERTAINING CROSSWORD

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
THREE PRIZES IN ONE
£500
£750
85
£100 Between all Runners-up
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull."
GIANT XMAS HAMPERS
to arrive just before December 25, containing:— Plump Xmas Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port—
ONE WITH EACH RUNNERS-UP PRIZE OF £1 OR MORE THIS WEEK
WIN A FEAST FOR DECEMBER 25

CLUES ACROSS

1. Poor foundations for this may bring trouble
5. New one likes to be kept busy
8. One is sometimes a bit thick
9. Long narrow snow-shoe
10. After the proper time
12. Little devils
15. Talks
18. Hiker sometimes has this in pack
20. Some mackintoshes do this quickly
21. Sailor
23. Small cask in Skagness
25. Water escapes from pipes through these
27. Royal Engineers
29. Second number
31. It's best not to do this when sudden danger threatens
32. Mead in cock
33. Something closely resembling this is seen on typewriter
34. One rarely goes directly against the law

CLUES DOWN

1. Stowaways are usually found in uncomfortable ones
2. Begins oration
3. Female sheep
4. Assistant in milk bar sometimes makes these
6. Donkey
7. Political speaker is seldom put off by
11. One that's black and blue is sometimes painful
13. Mother knows there's something wrong when children do this
14. It's sometimes found possible to reduce this of bus
16. Often lost through gambling
17. Fine one often calls for delicate touch
19. This tree produces acorns
22. It's sometimes a job to find these when you're hard up
24. Punter's shows that he hasn't done so badly
26. Is frequently taken with whisky
27. When people say they hear ghosts it's usually this
28. You have a big one on each foot
30. Vessel in which Noah sailed

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 85, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. For four coupons (eight squares) send TWO SHILLINGS. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, November 20.

2.—In addition to four stamped Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit FOUR EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette," or any other announcement of this Competition. These each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding property indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 2. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, December 7, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £750 Cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

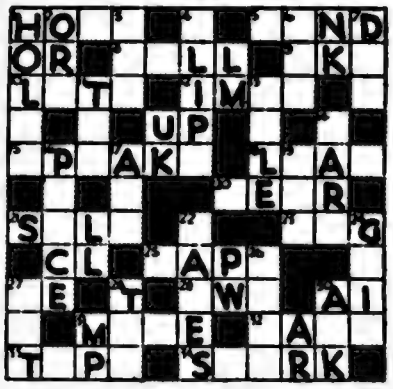
TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 46.

GET THIS FREE HELP

In addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides entry-squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free! Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form on page 47. Every reader now receives a free Entry Envelope weekly.

Result and winning square of Crossword Competition No. 85 will appear in next week's "John Bull."

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 85. Closing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1937



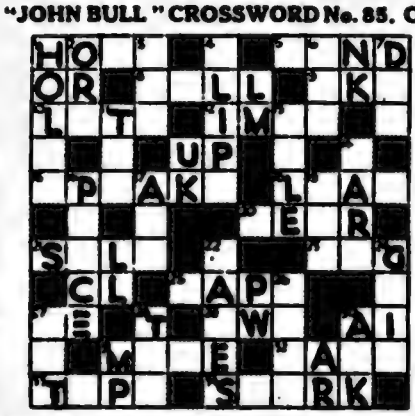
In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose
P.O. Value.....
No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 85. Closing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1937

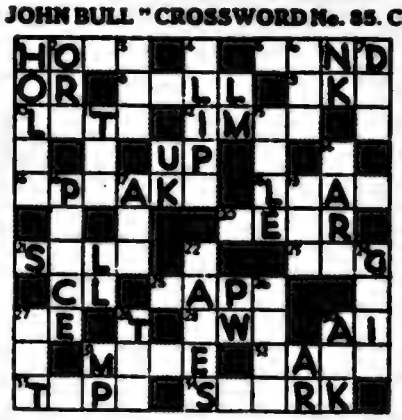


In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose
P.O. Value.....
No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 85. Closing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1937



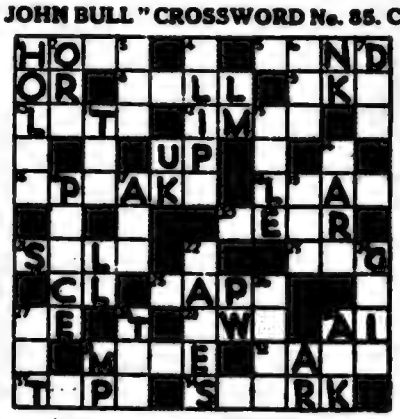
In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose
P.O. Value.....
No.....

ENTRY FEE for 6 Squares 1s. 6d.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

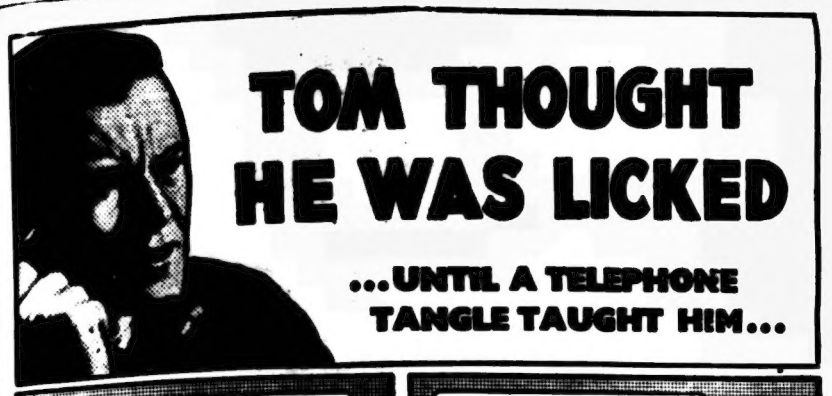
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 85. Closing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1937



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose
P.O. Value.....
No.....

ENTRY FEE for 8 Squares 2s.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....


TOM THOUGHT HE WAS LICKED
...UNTIL A TELEPHONE TANGLE TAUGHT HIM...
NO WONDER I CAN'T GET MY SALARY RAISED HERE ....EVEN THE OPERATOR IGNORES ME...WHAT THE...? I'M ON MR HARDY'S LINE AND HE'S TALKING ABOUT ME!
"GETTING DOWN TO BRASS TACKS, FIELDS' BREATH IS AGAINST HIM! HIS DENTIST COULD DO A LOT FOR THAT CHAP!"
THIS IS WHAT HE OVERHEARD...
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD BETWEEN BADLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING PARTICLES.
FIELDS GIVES HIS DENTIST A CHANCE
I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL ABOUT YOUR PROMOTION MR FIELDS!
THANKS! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH YOU HELPED! (THINKS) AND COLGATE'S!
ONE MONTH LATER

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. The regular use of Colgate's makes the teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!

TWO SIZES 6d *and* 1/-

Head Pains

"For 20 years I suffered with high blood pressure. I had given up all hope of being set free from the cruel pains in my head. Notwithstanding my strict diet and careful living, the pains in my head got worse. At last I tried 'Phyllosan' tablets, and the pains in my head have practically ceased. The nervous system has been toned up." (Mr.)—

Blood Pressure

The torture of head pains resulting from high blood pressure will soon be ended if you *start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day!* Your blood pressure will be corrected; excessive 'thumping' of your heart will be eased; dizziness, breathlessness, and that feeling of oppression will be overcome. 'Phyllosan' tablets will *re-activate, revitalize, rejuvenate* your entire system and make you feel ten years younger!

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets are supplied by Natural Chemicals, Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN'

BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

TABLETS TO-DAY!

Of all chemists, 3/-, 5/-, and Family size, 20/-
The 5/- size is twice, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the 3/- size

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Vital Forces, irrespective of age!

FREE! Tablet-Container & Book

A novel tablet-container, into which you can put twelve tablets so that they can be shaken out two at a time, will be sent FREE, together with our book "Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility," on receipt of coupon and 1½d. for postage. (No tablets will be sent).

'Phyllosan' tablets are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. Proprietary rights are not claimed apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan,' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

COUPON

To Natural Chemicals Ltd. (Dept. 47)
12 Clipstone Street, W.1
I enclose 1½d. stamp. Please send a pocket-container for 'Phyllosan' tablets together with free book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS. Use margin. Fold corner of stamp to coupon and seal your envelope. J.B.13/11/37

DEATH IN THE GARDEN

MR. E. CLARKSON, of "Treolyn," Sprotboro' Park, nr. Doncaster, was pruning a large tree at the foot of his garden, when the branch on which he was standing broke, and he fell 30 feet to the ground. Despite every attention, he died soon after from his injuries.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE.

As Mr. E. Clarkson was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal Home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent to his widow.

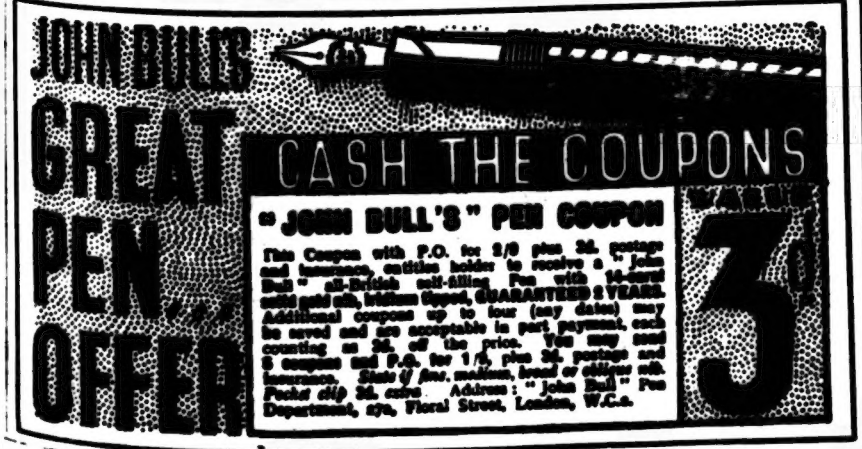
EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to numerous other Accident Benefits, "John Bull" is *the only paper in the world* to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

UNIQUE PROTECTION.

"John Bull" offers you, your family and your home unique protection free. If you have not yet registered, simply use the forms below.

SECURE "JOHN BULL'S" SECURITY GIFT—USE FORMS BELOW.


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, brillium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 2d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 270, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
WORTH 3/6

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 13/11/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/11/37.

'. . . and that's why I use Silvikrin Lotion every morning. It keeps the scalp healthy, the hair free from dandruff and stops falling hair.'

Silvikrin Lotion is the only hair dressing that contains Pure Silvikrin, the natural hair food.

SILVIKRIN LOTION

1/6

per bottle

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

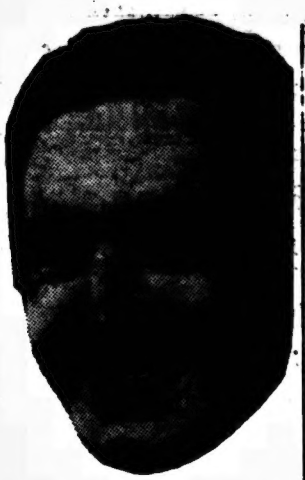
HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy, yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Small cost. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

★ **DRAGE'S XMAS NUMBER —A Furnishing Catalogue that You ought to possess**

WONDERFUL examples of fine furniture value, including illustrations of many beautiful Suites, together with detailed prices and full particulars of their famous system of easy payments, appear in the DRAGE XMAS NUMBER which every "John Bull" reader can obtain free and without obligation, by filling in the coupon in the announcement on p. 7. Turn to this NOW!

FOUR WORDS made him INDEPENDENT FOR LIFE



He's got that First Prize feeling . . .

"YOUR wife wants you!". When a colleague said that to 28-year-old Mr. T. D. Brown during the lunch-hour recently, this assistant teacher at the Denmark Street School for Boys, Middlesbrough, suddenly remembered that it was Friday—the *Bullets* Telegram Day.

He rushed outside, and there was his wife, holding out a golden envelope. Success had come and in full measure, for a moment later he was reading JOHN BULL's congratulations on capturing the colossal 5-in-1 First Prize in *Bullets* 25th Birthday Contest! A Life Pension of £25 Monthly, £1,000 cash, Car, Televisor and a Celebration Week in London for Two combined to form his sensational reward for the simple, neat and telling *Bullet*, JOHN CITIZEN—"GENTLEMAN" *Keeping* BRITANNIA "STANDING."

Soon after his colossal success, a JOHN BULL man called for a chat with Mr. Brown at his home—113, Green Lane, Acklam, Middlesbrough, an account of which will appear next week.

* * *

Next in our long 25th Birthday list of prize-winners came Mr. E. C. Bennett, 19, Tennyson Avenue, Rustington, Sussex. A £200 cheque rewarded his Second Prize *Bullet*, THINKING OF SONNY—WISHING FUTURE AS "ROSY."

"My sincere congratulations to the First Prize-winner!" was the sporting remark of this "Bulleteer." Mr. Bennett's success proved that imagination pays, for this homely effort which one would have expected from a fond father was actually the work of a bachelor.

"I just put myself in the place of a parent of a happy, rosy-cheeked boy—the typical *Bullets* Sonny," he explained, "and imagined the father worrying about the uncertainties of the future."

A joyful 75th birthday will soon be celebrated by veteran Mr. J. E. Piper, 228, Brettenham Road, Walthamstow, as the result of entering for our 25th Birthday Contest the telling *Bullet*, BRITAIN'S WATCHDOG—"SLEEPLESS" AS HER TAX-PAYERS.

"I shall be 75 next month," this £100 winner told JOHN BULL. "For the last five years I have lived alone, and recently I have been wishing I could move to the seaside or country to live quietly on my small pension. My prize-money will be a great help in enabling me to carry out my plans."

* * *

Amongst a bundle of cards and letters, we heard from Mr. A. H. Martin, 7, Keyfield, St. Albans, the postman delivered a 25th Birthday Surprise which made his wife's birthday the happiest she remembers. It was the news from Long Acre that this young shoe operative had been awarded a £40 prize in that Contest for his ingenious *Bullet*, JOHN CITIZEN—"BRICK" MOSLEY *Won't* "CATCH."

"It only took me about two minutes to make up that *Bullet*," Mr. Martin recalled. "Having climbed so high in the prize-list, I feel sure that before long I shall reach the top."

* * *

A few minutes spent in turning out a neat *Bullet* with one of those *Examples* opposite can bring you a big cheque, followed by a magnificent Millionaire's Family Hamper for Christmas. You have only one week to win, so start making that prize *Bullet* now!

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,093

First Prize, £300 plus Saloon Car value up to £150:

E. DENNIS, 40, Glenshaw Mansions, London, S.W.

Example: SHOCK FOR THE JERRYBUILDER

Bullet: BREEZE WALL—BREEZE—WALLOP!

SECOND PRIZE £50:

M. J. HENNESSY, Thames Rowing Club, Putney, S.W.
Example: Cheers
Bullet: Lord Nuffield, Even *Pedestrian*.

THIRD PRIZE £25:

H. L. SAWYER, 15, Bedford Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
Example: To Help The Teacher
Bullet: Remember, "Twice Four's" *Bedtime!*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: R. HUDSON, 5, Salem Street, Jarrow.
Plodding Along—Famously, Two Silvery "Nobodies."

£15: W. L. STYLES, 134, Clarence Road, Clapton, London, E.
Plodding Along—Towards "Mile A *Second*."

£10: E. J. HAY, 34, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.
At Our Village Inn—Vicar's Half-pint Fills Church.

£9: Mrs. G. JORDAN, 7, Highfield Gardens, Sockett's Heath, Grays.
Burglar Japan—Kneeling "Before World's Safe."

£8: Mrs. W. P. VICKERSTAFF, 16, Wyngate Drive, Leicester.
Curious Thing—Cottage, "World"—Mansion, "Cage."

£7: P. BURTON, 13, Tennyson Street, Lincoln.
Shameful—Slums—Re-housed, Shameful *Rent*.

£6: Mrs. E. A. SIMISTER, 3, Cheetham Hill Road, Stalybridge.
My Bit Of Britain—Poppies Cover—"Path's" Clear.

£5: F. M. PRICE, 5, Glenluce Road, Blackheath, S.E.
Blot On Sport—Comedian Considers Chelsea Now!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

P. W. BUTLER, 7, Mayfield Road, Newquay.
Yellow—Both Nations—*One's* Methods.

V. DAVIES, 16, Elm Grove, Crouch End, N.
Sinking Ship—Sonny's Pride—"Torpedo," Cigar.

Miss A. A. JOHN, "Cliff Cottage," Park Hill, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Butcher Mars—"Frightened Sheep" Rush *Towards*.

A. H. PLANT, 1, Ashton Road, Manchester.
Bunch Of Crooks—Making Thieving Easy, Jerrybuilders.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. J. QUARRY, 71, High Street, Jedburgh, N.B.
Sonny's Forgotten—Italy's King—Sonny's Forgiven!

H. SHORING, "Crown Vaults," Cambridge Street, Plymouth.
Burglar Japan—Beware "Forcing" *World's* "Entry"!

Mrs. E. M. SMITH, Osmington, Gloucester Road, Ross-on-Wye.
Poppies—And Wheat, Humanity's "Fortifications."

H. J. SMITH, 15, Courtral Road, Honor Oak Park, S.E.
Sonny's Forgotten—Herod's Misdeeds—Knows Teacher's!

W. WALTON, 28, St. Hilda Street, Bridlington.
Although They Died—Can't "Drown" Pussy's *Optimism*.

Mrs. WILSON, Herbert Cottages, Llanwarne.
Plodding Along—Millionaire Eventually Finished Biscuit!

Mrs. Wilson, winner of £2 10s. in the above list, will also be presented with an extra Bonus of 100 miles Free Motoring.

A list of 20 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

CROSSWORD No. 85—TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 44 is presented the sixty-fifth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., B.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the [illegible] have produced. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

[illegible]s at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy to the Clues there being words of equal merit no Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be [illegible] result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, December 2, 1937. The Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable [illegible] page 47. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of [illegible] the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize [illegible] entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee [illegible] regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition [illegible] are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES 83 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; Reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid.

TERMS: 5/- per Month. **£4.17.6**

NO CHARGE MADE FOR EASY PAYMENTS. WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS.

Mr. J. J. E. of Talybont, Cardigan, writes:—"Just a word about the Wireless Set. I received it in good order and fixed it up in a very short time, and the first switch on was wonderful. It's a grand little set. No wonder some of your customers call it the 'Graves Little Wonder'. I think they have given the right name. I have no doubt that you will receive more orders from this locality, and I know of one that has had one already. Thanking you for your prompt delivery."

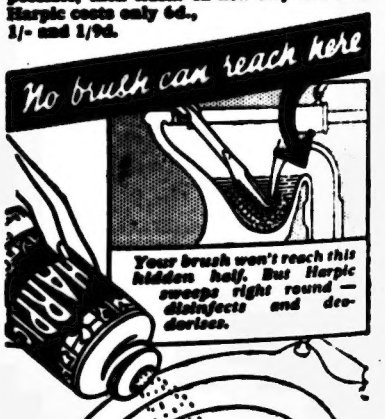
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time.

You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush. In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9d.


No brush can reach here
Your brush won't reach this hidden half. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

DR WHITE'S GLASGOW
Presbyterian Mixture
THE TOBACCO MADE FAMOUS BY EARL BALDWIN
A GALEN PRODUCT
"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1927)

Its slow burning coolness and pleasant aroma are very remarkable. 1/1½ per oz.

Obtainable from A. GALEN & CO. LTD., 1, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, C.1.

OVER
500
XMAS PRIZES FOR BULLETS THIS WEEK ONLY!
TO ARRIVE IN GOOD TIME FOR DEC. 25
2 in 1 FIRST PRIZE FOR 2 3 4 WORDS
£300
PLUS MILLIONAIRES XMAS HAMPER
£50 PLUS MILLIONAIRE'S HAMPER
£10 PLUS MILLIONAIRE'S HAMPER
10 of £5 each PLUS MILLIONAIRE'S HAMPER
250 BIG 12/6 XMAS CAKES FROM BUSZARDS
250 XMAS SURPRISE PARCELS
WINNER'S WIRE FRI. DEC. 3
CIGARS
YOUR MILLIONAIRE'S CHRISTMAS HAMPER
containing 12 lb. Turkey, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Mincemeat, Muscatels and Almonds, 5 lb. Xmas Cake, Crystallised Fruits, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Cigars, Crackers, Bottle of Champagne.

LAST WEEKS OF "BULLETS" XMAS FEASTS —BE QUICK FOR YOUR GIANT HAMPER!

ADVANCE details of *Bullets* Colossal Christmas Offer of 1937, dwarfing all prize-lists of similar Contests and smashing all records of the past, appear below. Apart from its enormous First Prize and other huge attractions, that Record Christmas Offer to be launched next week will bring you your very last opportunity to capture a *Bullets* Christmas Prize for 1937. But there is no need for you to wait, for no fewer than 525 such golden opportunities to win a merry Christmas are brought to you by this splendid one-week Offer now before you.

In place of the usual 2s. 6d. awards, 250 attractive Christmas Surprise Parcels have been reserved for winners in this Contest. Above these come 250 of the famous Buszards 12s. 6d. Christmas Cakes—and see what right royal feasts are in store for this Offer's 25 leading cash prize-winners!

Turkey, pudding, cake, champagne, cigars—those are but five of a dozen luxuries with which these *Bullets* Millionaire's Hampers are carefully packed. A few simple words on one of this page's coupons can bring you one of these magnificent Family Feasts and a substantial cheque; follow the simple instructions below and then start on your *Bullets* without delay!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* and jot down all the ideas any suggest to your mind.

Now, your completed *Bullets* must each consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to the selected *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to polish your first rough notes into finished efforts.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example* FILLS SONNY'S MIND, had led you to the idea, *Teacher—How To Fill His Tummy, Mother's Problem*. That is much too long and unwieldy as it stands, but from this raw material you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, FILLS SONNY'S MIND—TEACHER—MOTHER'S, FILLING SONNY.

Before starting on the *Examples*, study carefully the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,093rd Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then begin on your own efforts, for your entry for this week's magnificent Offer of Cash and Christmas Feasts must be postmarked on or before Saturday, November 20.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,097)

BACK TO PROSPERITY
BLOT ON BRITAIN
WHEN THE PUBLIC AWAKES
MESSAGE FROM MARS
THINKING OF THE FUTURE
SHOCK FOR MUSSOLINI
FOR THE POOR
LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE
ON THE FRONT PAGE
IF ONLY WE AGREED
TO BLINDN MATTERS
DANGEROUS PROPAGANDA

TOMMY'S JOB
BEHIND
BIGGER MAN
GOOD LIVING
NOWHERE
GLOWNING

BREATHING FIRE
JEALOUS OF HER
MY UMBRELLA
MEANS MORE
SKILFULLY
WINKED AT

BEFORE THE DAWN
FILLS SONNY'S MIND
WHAT THE BRIDESMAID SAID
"LET 'EM ALL COME!"
HOW DAD HAS A CONCERTINA
EVERYBODY KNOWS, BUT
AUNTIE'S POORLY, SO
HE PLAYED HIS CARDS WELL AND
WOMAN AT THE WHEEL
SHOWS SOMETHING'S WRONG
WEDDED TO WORK
COST HIM A FORTUNE

The original cheque for £1,000 chosen (as part of his 3-in-1 award) by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,033 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Fowler and Smith, 64, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,097) Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 20.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,097) Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 20.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST POST, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,097) Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 20.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,097) Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 20.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,097 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,097, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEXT WEEK BIGGEST "BULLETS" XMAS OFFER EVER KNOWN

For "Bullets" No. 1,098, coming next week, our Record Christmas Offer of Prizes and Bonuses value over £4,000 includes a guaranteed Pension-plus-Fortune First Prize, or £2,000 and Radiogram, supported by 99 big Christmas Shopping Cheques and final 1,000 Christmas Feasts.

FREE

TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Let "YEAST-VITE" (Brand Tonic) Do The Same For YOU

THEN!
NERVY!
PAIN-RACKED!
EXHAUSTED!
SLEEPLESS!

NOW!
BUOYANT!
HEALTHY!
ENERGETIC!
PAIN-FREE!

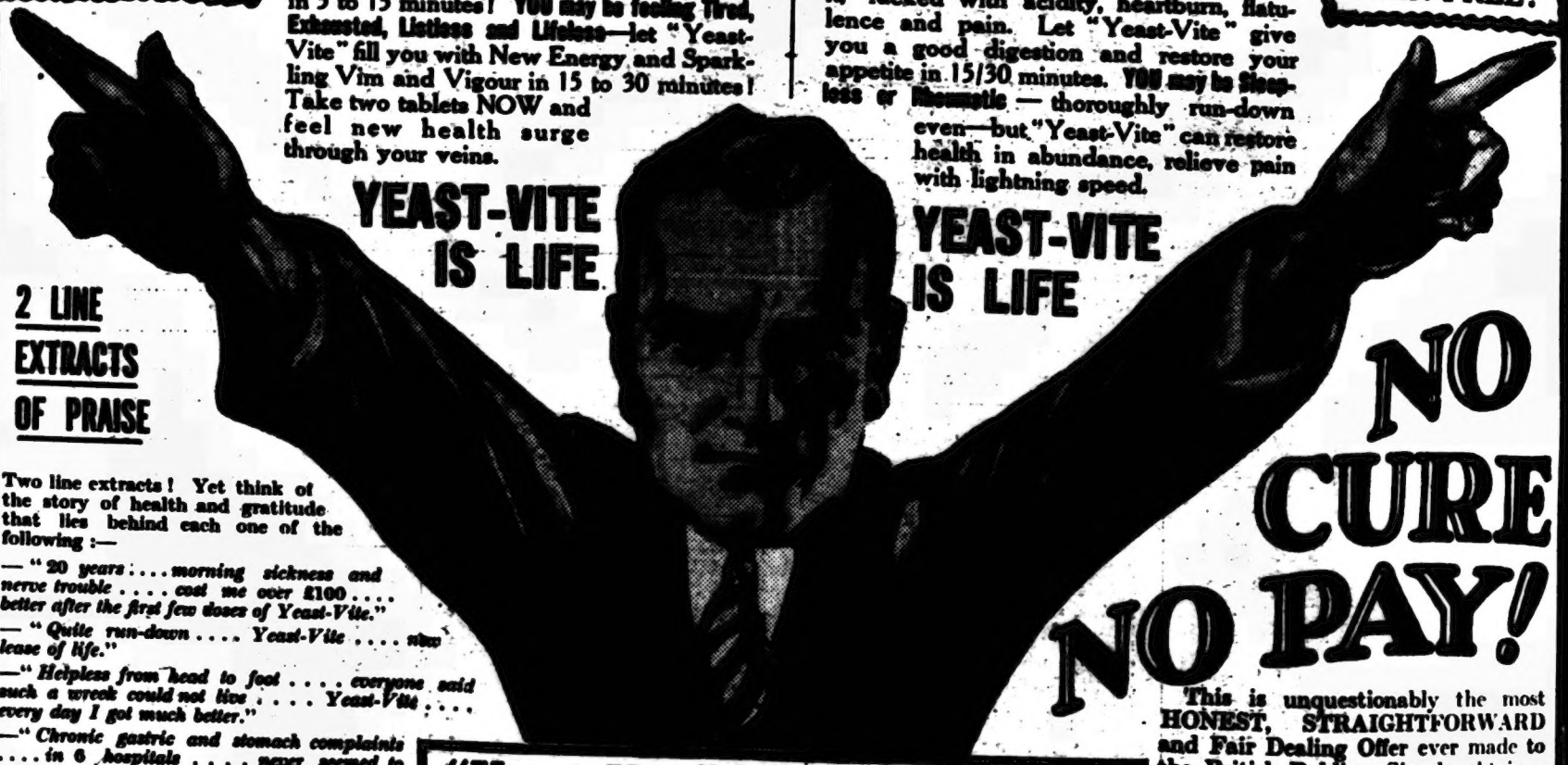
Thousands of times you must have read how this wonder tonic has relieved other people's pain and suffering in record time!

Again we say "Yeast-Vite" can do the same for you. **YOU may have a Headache or Nerve Pain**—let "Yeast-Vite" soothe it away in 5 to 15 minutes! **YOU may be feeling Tired, Exhausted, Listless and Lifeless**—let "Yeast-Vite" fill you with New Energy and Sparkling Vim and Vigour in 15 to 30 minutes! Take two tablets NOW and feel new health surge through your veins.

YEAST-VITE IS LIFE

YOU may be one of those unfortunate sufferers from the torture of "Nerves," beset by worry and besieged by depression. "Yeast-Vite" can soothe *your* restless nerves in 10/20 minutes! **YOU may be a martyr to Indigestion**—never enjoy a meal without "paying for it," racked with acidity, heartburn, flatulence and pain. Let "Yeast-Vite" give you a good digestion and restore your appetite in 15/30 minutes. **YOU may be Sleepless or Rheumatic** — thoroughly run-down even—but "Yeast-Vite" can restore health in abundance, relieve pain with lightning speed.

YEAST-VITE IS LIFE



2 LINE EXTRACTS OF PRAISE

Two line extracts! Yet think of the story of health and gratitude that lies behind each one of the following :—

— "*20 years . . . . morning sickness and nerve trouble . . . . cost me over £100 . . . . better after the first few doses of Yeast-Vite.*"

— "*Quite run-down . . . . Yeast-Vite . . . . new lease of life.*"

—"*Helpless from head to foot . . . . everyone said such a wreck could not live . . . . Yeast-Vite . . . . every day I got much better.*"

—"*Chronic gastric and stomach complaints . . . . in 6 hospitals . . . . never seemed to get better . . . . most wonderful tonic . . . . restored to health.*"

—"*Have to thank Yeast-Vite for my life . . . . nerves went to rack and ruin . . . . used to cry . . . . convalescent home three months . . . . different man in a week.*"

"Yeast-Vite" is the scientific wonder of the age. A formula compounded specially to meet the health demands of this strenuous modern life. Yeast to feed, strengthen and nourish. Vitamins to energise, tone and stimulate. Pain-relieving ingredients of the quickest acting nature! And so in a word "Yeast-Vite" is the all-round health tonic, benefactor of body, blood, brain and nerves. Start upon a course of "Yeast-Vite" Tonic Tablets TO-DAY!

"YEAST-VITE" HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 Hours

NO CURE NO PAY!

This is unquestionably the most **HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD** and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the remedy at our risk, and if you are not **THOROUGHLY CONVINCED** of the **WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY,** and **TONIC PROPERTIES** of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

FREE HELP FOR THE SUFFERING. We will send sample supplies of Yeast-Vite Tablets free and post paid to Physicians, Nurses, Hospitals & public institutions.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets. Sold Everywhere. Price 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

T.C.B.

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